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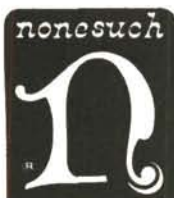
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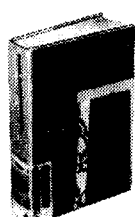
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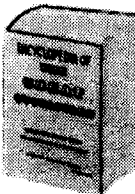
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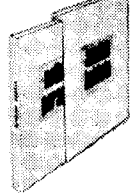
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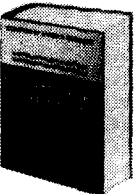
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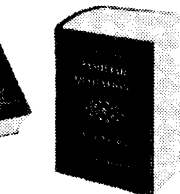
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The Fair

★ We popped up to NY last week for a final look at the Fair. We got to wondering why the thing had been a financial flop. Too huge, perhaps, and not enough sex. Besides that, it doesn't quite come off; it has neither the honest vulgarity of Coney Island nor the whimsy-whamsy of Disneyland, California. We liked the noise and crowds and color, the Greyhound glide-a-rides, the fountains, fireworks and Unisphere, and the transplanted trees, wondering how they got there. But a \$2.50 admission, plus a series of \$1 bites all along the way makes a hole in the pocket-book for a family of four. We loved it because it was so typically American, gaudy, affluent, hygienic, culture-hunting, slick, spacious and unsatisfying, like enriched, packaged breakfast cereal wrapped in cellophane. It was a place where the average family couldn't get such a simple thing as a good meal.

Many creeds and faiths had exhibits, from the Vatican to the Mormon Tabernacle, but our favorite was The Hall of Free Enterprise. In the quaint temple of this native cult, Satan is The Government, and the votive deity, of course, is Free Enterprise. We gaped at the question-answering machine that stood in the place of honor, like an Aztec god, and we asked questions No. 47 and No. 16. The first question was an artful one: "Does deficit spending reduce taxes?" There was a clicking, as we pressed the button, a grinding of levers, and out dropped a freshly printed slip. The machine, sponsored by the American Economic Foundation, dismissed President Johnson's economics with a jab or two: "... The extra money, being worthless, dilutes the value of all money, thus becoming a

hidden capital levy, which is a tax."

Then the machine explained a "mixed economy" for us. We had always supposed this was a pretty good thing, but it turns out that "in a mixed economy government production is in competition with private production."

There is a kind of oracular infallibility to this machine that makes it more impressive than a live pundit. A group of awe-stricken visitors punched it and read replies. What it said must be so, they seemed to feel, because after all a machine is unbiased and impartial, and an IBM machine is the symbol of sapience. Also, there was that authoritative clank when it finished, like the slam of a Cadillac door. No arguing with *that*.

The General Motors exhibit was bigger than that of any foreign country, with a kind of benevolent grandeur that goes with our Pyroxylin Era. It becomes harder and harder, we find, to consider GM as a private business. It employs 737,963 people; sends ambassadors and factories to 22 foreign nations; sells \$17 billion of goods annually, has a bigger budget than a dozen states, and makes 51 percent of all US automobiles. Studebaker is the latest competitor to fold, and GM could probably put American Motors out of business by lowering prices a notch. (Auto prices really ought to come down; their profits are violating the guidelines of the Council of Economic Advisers and prompting Walter Reuther, naturally enough, to demand higher wages.)

How long will gigantism continue? Will Rambler follow Studebaker, and Plymouth after? Then will GM and Ford divide the upper class market between them, while the poor and the intellectuals buy Volkswagens? Such aggrandizement, oddly enough, is Marx in reverse; when Capitalism grows large enough it becomes Socialism!

LBJ's Sin Is Success

★ We got to pondering this, and President Johnson, as we wandered about. Somehow or other LBJ has kept on the good side of GM, as he has of all Business. Business is partner in his consensus. He is the first modern President Business hasn't hated. The attachment makes it a bit difficult for the Hall of Free Enterprise.

We think Mr. Johnson has been doing a good job — on the domestic

front anyway. We wish some of our friends could forgive him for not being President Kennedy, and for being so successful. They would eagerly go down with him on a sinking ship if he were only defeated on some of his amazing bills — civil rights, education, war on poverty — the trouble is that he wins! It is tough on people who have equated their feeling of superiority with the backing of lost causes.

We have always felt that Goldwater, of course, deserves more credit than he gets for putting the extraordinary legislative program through; also that GOP recovery probably depends on nothing more difficult than not running Goldwater again. On the other hand, it is pretty snide not to give Mr. Johnson proper credit, too. An article, "Who Is President Johnson?" by Lewis Lapham fills most of a recent issue of the *Satevepost*, implying that there is no real LBJ, just a group of actors behind a mask. Well, analysts like that ought to have watched the President turn out the guard recently to get the 208 signatures on the discharge petition for the District of Columbia home rule bill! And this was only the latest instance in which the President intervened powerfully and shrewdly.

And yet the question keeps returning — how long can LBJ maintain his consensus with Business and still do the things that must be done? Today, poverty grips about 19 percent of America's families. The Pyroxylin Era has left them out. For the purpose of the argument "poverty" equals family income of \$3,000, or less. The "war on poverty" is fine, but it doesn't go very far. The poor have one-fifth of the children, but presently get hardly more than one-tenth of the total US \$28 billion of education outlay, according to economist Walter Heller.

Robert Lampman, expert on poverty, says our system of "public income maintenance" now pays out \$35 billion a year, but is aimed more at the income security of the middle class than on opening exits from poverty for those who have never been out of poverty.

Yes, sooner or later, if poverty is to be beaten, more drastic remedies are inevitable. Consensus will fly out the window. Does Mr. Johnson mean business? Before it is over we shall find out what we don't know now about LBJ.

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B--th C-nt--l

"While the rich of America do whatever it is they do, the poor are begetting children," says former Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel Moynihan. That would be unregrettable, if the poor's children were wanted and cared for. In many, many cases, however, they are neither. And so, as a part of the wider national assault on poverty, the federal government is beginning to grope its way towards some coherent policy on family planning. It is advancing slowly but deliberately. Government advisers agree that they must focus on where the need is greatest. This means making advice and prescriptions, which the well-to-do have, available to the poor in general and to the Negro poor in particular. Negro birthrates in the cities are running some 40 percent higher than those of whites; Negroes have smaller incomes but larger families and more illegitimate children, and the depressing results are visible in any black ghetto in the country. But Negroes are properly sensitive to any inference that they have any less right to multiply than others. Roy Wilkins of the NAACP recently joined the Population Crisis Committee, headed by former Senator Kenneth Keating of New York. But Elijah Muhammad has not and says bitterly: "It is through the poison plan that the poison scientists of this race [white] devise doom for you and me, using the poison Birth Control Law to get the so-called American Negro out of the nations of the earth. . . ."

Birth control is a minefield of controversy. Nevertheless, after nine months of exploration, the President seems convinced that the federal government can now step forward. A White House task force has issued a private call to key agencies to come up with "imaginative and far-reaching" plans for 1966. The sprawling Department of Health, Education and Welfare is being shaken out of its doldrums by Secretary John Gardner and his energetic Undersecretary, Wilbur Cohen. Dr. Philip R. Lee, a population control specialist, has moved in as Secretary Gardner's Number Two staff adviser on health affairs. The Children's Bureau is staking out its claim as the agency to lead the march. And despite its aversion to any new initiatives, the US Public Health Service has finally set up a Population Control Committee. The latter two organizations are eager to take the lead away from the Office of Economic Opportunity, which is the only agency currently earmarking federal funds for birth control clinics.

Not only Negro sensitivities must be taken into account. For weeks during hearings on Senator Ernest Gruening's bill to set up

offices on population problems in HEW and the State Department, the Roman Catholic hierarchy kept its counsel. But after some testimony implied Catholic acceptance of government action on birth control, a number of bishops decided the record had to be corrected. Washington's Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle, chairman of the National Catholic Welfare Conference Board, charged that on both moral and constitutional grounds government-supported programs are "a clear invasion of the sacred right of privacy." Opposition of that political weight helps account for the Administration's coolness towards Senator Gruening's bill – or any other at the moment. A bill means hearings, debate, the arousing of latent opposition. Anyway, Administration officials say, HEW already has authority to provide substantial support for family planning programs, as well as research and training. As things stand, liberals, conservatives and Southerners, for different reasons, see birth control as a useful weapon against poverty. But few of them want to stand up and swear to it. This reticence was illustrated by what happened to an amendment to the Anti-Poverty Bill, sponsored by Senator Clark of Pennsylvania, which specified that money could be spent for family planning. The Catholic Church said nothing publicly, but a representative of the NCWC later conveyed its misgivings to Senate-House conferees. Thereupon, Rep. Hugh L. Carey (D, NY), Catholic and father of 13, warned his colleagues that he would demand a roll call vote of the House if they accepted the Clark provision. The conferees guessed the amendment was not essential after all – as it was not.

Thus far, the Catholic Church has tended to concentrate its fire on high abortion rates and sterilization laws. But sooner or later the hierarchy's position on birth control must be intelligently confronted. To most non-Catholics, and possibly to some Catholics as well, the logic of the bishops' position is not self-evident. Birth control is one of the most private enterprises imaginable. No one is going to use contraceptives who does not want to. No coercion is intended. Indeed, it is the lack of free choice to conceive or not that often accounts for unwanted, unmanageable results.

Still, aware of deep feelings and beliefs that attach to birth control, the Administration is following the Johnson formula of underplaying the novelty of its initiatives, so as to improve their life expectancy. In this spirit, HEW recently sent the President a memorandum summarizing all the things it was doing or going to do in the birth control field. The original expectation was that the gist of the report would be made public under Presidential auspices, with the usual headlines. But the White House demurred, and the facts were surfaced more unobtrusively in a speech by the chief of the Children's Bureau, Mrs. Katherine B. Oettinger, in which she said that birth control ser-

vices, paid for with federal matching funds, should henceforth be available as a matter of "right" to all – and these services would include those of hospitals and physicians, clinical services, prescriptions for drugs and devices.

The federal government is such a newcomer to the field that it is embarrassingly short of experience. Experts such as Dr. Allen F. Guttmacher, President of Planned Parenthood-World Population, can make a good case for publicly-supported birth control clinics. But we still do not know how many women who most want and who would most benefit from information about family planning go now or would go to clinics. In the worst of the slum areas, it may be that the clinics must go to the families, rather than vice versa. Dr. Benedict J. Duffy believes that the problems of developing motivation among poor uneducated women and of luring doctors into the slums to provide pills or intrauterine coils still have not been solved satisfactorily. Nor will they be without further experiment. That is why the government plans to try a variety of promising approaches to population control.

One ought to consider, finally, the point raised the other day by Richard M. Scammon, former Census Bureau Director, who says that America can support a population of one billion and still have far fewer people per square mile than either Britain or West Germany. He may be right, but what does it prove? The central domestic question is not how many people the country can support, but the quality of life for those it has and will have, and especially the quality of life for those sealed up in cities.

Mother's Day (Mississippi)

The following letter, dated July 19, 1965, was sent by the County Prosecuting Attorney of Clarksville, Mississippi, Thomas H. Pearson, to Vergia Mae Smith of the same town:

Vergia Mae:

Please make arrangements for the care of your children so that you can report for trial on the charge of having an illegitimate child on Monday, August 2, 1965. I will recommend to the Court that you be sentenced to serve 30 days in the county jail, but the Court has the power to sentence you up to 90 days in jail or a \$250.00 fine.

I will expect to see you in my office on that morning.

A suit was filed in Federal District Court to enjoin the prosecution. Two days later, Mr. Pearson said he would not prosecute until he had an opinion from the state attorney general on the constitutionality of the Mississippi statute making birth of a second illegitimate child a crime. The attorney general's opinion is expected soon.

Free Press vs. Fair Trial

The Constitution guarantees the right of a criminal defendant to trial by an impartial jury, as well as freedom of speech and the press. And practically every press association meeting in the past two years has given over part of its agenda to a report from some "free press and fair trial" committee or to a panel discussion of "the apparent conflict between an individual's right to a fair trial and the people's right to know." The issue of trial by newspaper (or television and radio) is important to the press for various "noble" and "not-so-noble" reasons. Least noble, but perhaps not least important, is that for many papers crime news is a staple commodity with a large market. Everybody enjoys a little vicarious violence now and then. And for papers choosing to gratify such tastes, anything tending to shut off the flow of lurid details is bad for business.

Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon is the principal backer of a bill to limit disclosures to the press of information not already admitted into evidence in court. His bill would quiet federal employees, prosecution and defense attorneys and the defendant himself. It would not silence reporters, just dry up their sources.

However, even critics of the way the press sometimes reports crime news are wary of the Morse Code, on constitutional and other grounds. For one thing the bill is vaguely worded, making punishable any disclosure that "might affect the outcome" of a trial. No outsider knows what goes on in the minds of jurors and what affects verdicts. If a prospective juror is aware before a trial begins that a suspect has previously been convicted of rape, might this "inadmissible evidence" predispose him to find the man guilty of a second rape? Perhaps. Perhaps not. The vague Morse bill would let you have it either way.

Voluntary codes such as that proposed by the Philadelphia Bar Association last year are more specific, barring release of such information as detailed confessions, prior convictions, and statements imputing guilt to a defendant. But even these more precise codes have their critics. The Philadelphia press howled at the mere suggestion by the Bar that newspapermen as well as lawyers might work on voluntary guidelines to protect the rights of defendants. Sam Boyle, the city editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* told a reporter, "I don't even like the word 'guidelines' because that implies something that you are going to follow. We have no intention of following them."

The press responded more sympathetically to a new rule announced by Attorney General Katzenbach in April, banning the release by his Department of confessions or information concerning criminal records. Mr. Katzenbach carefully emphasized that he was not

placing any restrictions on journalistic inquiry. That puts it up to the news media. Three years ago, Judge Hubert L. Will of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois wrote in the *De Paul Law Review* that, "while the difficulties facing the press in providing for means of self-discipline are not appreciably greater than those of other professions which have already faced this task, I am not optimistic about the possibility of voluntary action . . . [and] in the absence of such action, the necessary alternative is the imposition of external restraints on the press."

New Immigrants

Changes in the immigration law may not take the Great Society a great leap forward, but they right ancient (since 1924) wrongs, and give credibility to the claim that officially, at least, the US doesn't care where a man comes from. Last week, Congress moved toward final passage of the first major immigration bill since the McCarran Act of 1952, which codified the "national origins" formula. Until now, 16 Englishmen have been worth one Turk, or some such equation. When the new act takes effect, immigrants will be accepted on the basis of their job skills and talents rather than on their national pedigree.

More or less. Immigration from the Western Hemisphere will continue, as always, on a nonquota basis for three years while a commission studies how best to put the whole world on an equal standard. Unless the commission holds otherwise, hemispheric immigration will then be set at 120,000 each year. For a long time the State Department has been arguing against quota-ing America's good neighbors (remember how the Japanese reacted to anti-Asian laws?). The Administration took the argument seriously, until it turned out that the new Latin America experts at State frankly did not much care one way or the other. Still, it was felt that after promising for so long not to hurt the Latins' feelings, it would be unwise suddenly to change policies, and the compromise was arranged, with the study commission and the three-year delay.

In practical terms, putting Latin America (and Canada) on quota would not materially affect the immigrant flow. Despite the "unlimited" status the Hemisphere has enjoyed, that immigration has been fairly constant at between 110,000 and 130,000 a year. What keeps the number down is "administrative discretion." The rules for entry of any immigrant are extremely strict: He must have a skill that cannot be duplicated on the US employment market, and he must show that he will not displace an American worker. He must have means of support and show that he will not become a public charge. US consuls have vast powers, which they regularly exercise, to exclude the flood of

poor people who, some Senators and Representatives fear, may suddenly descend on American shores.

Quotas for countries outside the Western Hemisphere will be gradually equalized over the next five years; finally, the total non-Hemispheric immigration will be set at about 170,000 — what it would be now if all present quotas were properly used. No one country would be allowed to supply more than 10 percent of the total immigrants admitted in any one year. There is an additional provision for the yearly entry of about 10,000 refugees and immediate members of families of US citizens.

Total immigration is expected to stabilize at about 300,000 a year, a little more than one-tenth of one percent of our total population. It turns out to be more of a trickle than a flood.

There's Only One Side in Houston

A Modern Editor Gets The Boot

From a Correspondent in Texas

When William P. Steven, energetic editor of the *Houston Chronicle*, largest newspaper in Texas, was suddenly and summarily dismissed earlier this month, the President telephoned his dismay. But Houston's busy far-right tossed an impromptu party and called *Chronicle* reporters in the night screaming anonymous curses. They had reason to celebrate: A five-year effort to moderate a booming newspaper in the largest city in the South, had come to an end.

Steven was in his pajamas when John T. Jones, Jr., the president of the *Chronicle* came to his home at midnight September 2 to tell him he was fired and to explain that he had no choice: The board of Houston Endowment, Inc., which owns the *Chronicle*, had decided. Houston Endowment is a charitable, nonprofit foundation created in 1937 by Jones' uncle, the late Jesse H. Jones, Secretary of Commerce during some of the Roosevelt years. The Endowment owns several huge banks and other businesses, including the *Chronicle*.

Until two weeks before Steven was fired, John T. Jones, Jr. was chairman of the Endowment Board, but he recently resigned. The remaining members of the board moved in. It may have been a general revolt against Jones, but it was more specifically aimed at his indulgence of Mr. Steven. At 47, Jones is a younger, more sophisticated, less parochial captain of commerce than many of his colleagues in Houston. Late in 1960 he had personally hired Steven, former editor of the

Minneapolis Tribune, known in the trade as a healer of sick newspapers.

Before Steven, the paper's Texas provincialism and rampaging rightism seemed an anachronism in a city that had become a magnet for the young and rising technocracy. Perhaps recognizing this, Jones hired Steven without warning his editor, M. E. Walter.

Steven had a free hand, and overnight the ponderous paper began to stir. Sophisticated ivy-league professionals with most of their experience outside Texas were given editorial jobs. The *Chronicle* took the *New York Times* news service, and eventually Steven added the *London Observer's* American service, and the *Los Angeles Times-Washington Post* service.

The *Chronicle* came to support the United Nations, the important decisions of the Supreme Court, and most of the Kennedy program (after having endorsed Richard Nixon). It supported the integration of public schools and public accommodations.

Liberals took him as one of their own, but Steven, a Republican in Minnesota politics, was liberal in a Texas context and in contrast to what the *Chronicle* had been. For example, he opposed liberal Senator Ralph Yarborough, and was an early supporter of Governor Connally, the actual leader of genuine conservatism in Texas. But he brought to Houston freshness, ideas, and the civilization of the world outside. The circulation of the *Chronicle* soared above that of its competitor, the *Post*. During Steven's five years the daily circulation increased by more than 60,000 and the Sunday circulation gain was more than 80,000.

Steven flatly predicts it will return to reaction. "The conservatives won," he said. But there is doubt that the *Chronicle* conservatives can ever achieve a restoration without killing the paper. In the last five years Houston has changed. The liberal-moderate coalition is stronger, and the city's large Negro population is restless. On the day Steven was fired he was busy behind the scene trying to avert a rumored riot among the more than 300,000 Negroes in Houston.

The coming of the manned-spacecraft center, its accompanying industries, and the small army of scientists, engineers, technicians, and professional managers, have wedded a phenomenally prosperous Houston to the outside world. The federal government has been a boon, and even now Houston is seeking a new, multi-million dollar Atomic Energy Commission installation. And, of course, the President is a Texan.

Whichever way the *Chronicle* editorial policy goes, the influence of Houston Endowment may arouse Texas Representative Wright Patman. He has long been looking askance at foundations, particularly those that own and control news media.

Two years ago Houston was one of the few cities in the nation that had three newspapers, under separate

ownership, in hot and healthy competition. Then the *Chronicle* purchased the *Houston Press*, owned by Scripps-Howard. Now the *Houston Post* is reported to have made a standing offer to buy the *Chronicle*. Already the *Post* and the *Chronicle* have combined their Sunday rotogravure sections and their television maga-

zines. The readers' choices become ever narrower.

If a vacuum has been created by the dismissal of Steven, the *Post* could fill it. But will it? Although *Post* executive editor William P. Hobby, Jr., privately called Steven's firing a "disaster for the city," his paper did not see fit to publish the story.

Closed Shop for Monetary Reform

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Central Bankers, gathered this week in Washington for the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund, is wrestling with a major constitutional crisis. The Bankers Union has been running the international monetary system for as long as there has been an organized system. They have been running it according to a set of rigid rules which have only been basically and deliberately changed twice and then only in conjunction with two catastrophes – the Great Depression and World War II. Now the bankers face the challenge of changing the rules in advance of catastrophe – a challenge they have never met before.

The Bankers Union is in a bind because its jurisdiction over money – or more precisely over the maintenance of confidence in money – is threatened. And good members of the Bankers Union, like good trade unionists, regard their first duty to be protection of their jurisdiction against intrusion by outsiders.

The threat to the bankers' jurisdiction comes, not from another union, but from responsible political leaders – that is, politicians responsible to the voters for their offices. This threat has grown ever since the old gold standard was abolished and responsible political leaders, instead of submitting to the tyranny of gold, started to follow deliberate and discretionary policies to reconcile the often competing objectives of domestic price stability and high employment levels. Now the Bankers Union fears, and with good cause, that responsible leaders may want to reduce the role of gold as an international medium of control in favor of discretionary policies, implemented through the international monetary system, to sustain increasing flows of goods and capital among countries.

The reason why so many people, even some in the Bankers Union, are saying that the rules of the monetary system must be changed is that the present system threatens to force a serious contraction in world trade and investment (and in domestic growth rates in countries particularly short of reserves) when it ought to be sustaining and encouraging expansion. The present system relies on dollars and pounds sterling to over-

come the inability of gold to provide the "liquidity" – the means of payment – to finance expanding world trade and investment. Gold has long since ceased to supply more than a fraction of the needed international reserves; over the past seven years foreign holdings of dollars have accounted for about three-quarters of the total. However, the system has an inherent weakness; the very US payments deficits which make the creation of new reserves possible were deemed by the Bankers Union to undermine foreign confidence in the dollar; central bankers, under the existing rules, could not continue to accumulate dollars in their reserves and in fact began to reduce their holdings by buying US gold. With the elimination of the major source of new reserves – dollars – it is generally agreed that the present system will be unable to generate adequate amounts of "liquidity" in the future.

In fact, many highly qualified observers, including Sir Roy Harrod, feel that the world is already in need of greatly increased reserves. But even if some of them grant the need privately, it is nearly impossible for members of the Bankers Union to do anything about it in public. Any step to increase reserves, by creating a new international monetary unit to provide the base for expanding world credit, will inevitably grant responsible political leaders a larger discretionary role in the operation of the monetary system than is now the case; any practical reform will change the existing rules somewhat and at least potentially weaken the bankers' jurisdiction as the upholders of confidence in money. It is nearly impossible, constitutionally, for the Bankers Union to address itself to fundamental changes in its rules. Change means risk and risk is something that bankers must avoid if they wish other people to entrust their money to them. The bankers are the prisoners of their occupation, indentured to gold.

It is for these reasons that the things which members of the Bankers Union say in public often sound so odd to the uninitiated layman. In this scientific age the sound of otherwise intelligent and responsible men rallying the country to the defense of gold at \$35 an ounce (which is the inescapable meaning of a "defense

of the dollar" under the present system and in present circumstances) has more in common with a Pawnee rain dance than with stalwart statesmanship. And what a spectacle it is to see Chairman Martin of the Federal Reserve system, echoed by a gaggle of Republican propagandists, recommending to Congress major retreats in our foreign policy (e.g. withdrawal of troops from Europe and cutting foreign aid) in the name of maintaining the tyranny of gold over the international monetary system! It sounds like magic-worship, but it is only up to a point. If the object of the bankers' affection seems primitive, the subject of their concern – confidence in money – is one which cannot be disposed of by flip criticism. The Bankers Union deserves more sympathy than censure; responsible political leaders have yet to demonstrate that they can, through discretionary policies, maintain international confidence in money as the Bankers Union is constitutionally charged with doing under the present system.

What is possible and reasonable to expect is that when bankers find themselves in the position of responsible political leadership, they will find the courage and imagination to make changes when they are needed. By this test, former Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon must go down in history as the man who missed the boat. For Dillon and his right-hand wizard, Robert Roosa, had a golden opportunity in office to be the first architects of an international monetary reform instituted before catastrophe instead of afterwards.

The very balance of payments crisis which hit the US in the early 1960's provided the opportunity. Before setting out to erase the payments deficit, Dillon and Roosa had it in their power to engage the Europeans in a long and historic negotiation on monetary reform at a time when the US had real leverage. After all, the French at that time were holding almost 80 percent of their reserves in dollars. They, and the rest of the European branch of the Bankers Union, had no alternative but to negotiate.

And consider how the political stage was set. President Kennedy was beginning to build his Atlantic partnership policy; de Gaulle had not yet launched his torpedoes. Dillon was pleading with the Europeans to hold surplus dollars and not cash them in for gold; Roosa was fashioning a set of Rube Goldberg devices designed to make the Europeans happy holding dollars. These bought precious time – but for what?

Such knowledgeable Kennedy appointees as Walter Heller and James Tobin of the Council of Economic Advisors urged Dillon to seize the opportunity. President Kennedy would certainly have gone along if Dillon had agreed. A negotiation on monetary reform at that time would not have saved Atlantic partnership from the troubles which have beset it; it would not have brought de Gaulle to meek acquiescence. But an initiative at that time would have permitted the US to

expound the aims of its Atlantic policy – particularly the aim of coordinating Atlantic economic policies so that they serve to support and not to inhibit international economic expansion – in a context where the US had great leverage.

But in office Dillon and Roosa were union bankers first and statesmen second. Like good Puritans, but poor men of affairs, they concluded that they had to eliminate the US deficit before they could bring up the subject of reform. If they helped restore confidence in money temporarily, they did not bolster confidence in US political leadership. Dillon never spoke seriously in public about monetary reform until the press conference he held immediately before leaving office. It was as though at the last moment he had seen the opportunity he missed, for now he is one of the most prominent union bankers who admits that the rules must somehow be changed.

Secretary Fowler is the man left holding the bag. He has all the headaches – particularly Britain's dire financial problem – with much less opportunity to promote basic monetary reform than Dillon and Roosa had. Fowler has the difficult job of fashioning a political policy for monetary reform which offers some hope of gaining European agreement and at the same time releasing the Bankers Union from the prison of its occupation. There is no use pretending that this is going to be as easy, now that the United States is approaching what the Treasury calls "equilibrium" in its balance of payments, as it was when we had the leverage of our deficits. Despite Fowler's optimistic-sounding statement on his return from Europe last week, it is all too clear that the interest of European bankers in monetary reform was largely a reflection of US deficits. The refusal of France to participate in refinancing Britain's huge outstanding debt this month is but a further indication of where the concern of that branch of the Bankers Union really lies. As with other aspects of Atlantic policy these days, the US is temporarily without the leverage it needs.

Fowler's desk is piled high with clever technical plans, including Robert Roosa's post-graduate (from the Treasury) thesis. But if the Treasury Secretary didn't know beforehand, he must know from his recent European tour, his problem is political and diplomatic, not technical. If there is to be more than tinkering with the monetary system, if there is to be real reform, the United States must make a convincing case for greater participation in the operations of the monetary system by responsible political leaders – greater discretion, that is, in place of the present rigid rules.

The stakes are high. As Santayana said, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." Hopefully, somebody at the IMF meeting this week will remind the Bankers Union of that observation.

NATHANIEL MCKITTERICK

Shouting for Help

It's about all New York Democrats can do

The great obstacle to John V. Lindsay's aspiration to be elected Republican Mayor of New York City is the habit ordinary New Yorkers have of voting Democratic. He may overcome it because these same Democrats reserve their deepest moments of passion for the opportunity to vote against each other. For three months before last week's primary, they gnawed away at one another, and this morbid fratricide was formally but practically resolved by the nomination of Abraham Beame, Comptroller of the City of New York to lead the resistance against Lindsay in November. But Lindsay was the only candidate for mayor who was certain to profit from the Democratic primary. Its winner would gain the nomination, first prize; and John Lindsay would gain the bruised and reconciled losers – second prize. For it seems to be Lindsay's good fortune to be more palatable to each of the Democratic factions than any one is to any other.

The internal Democratic struggle in New York has lately come to be described as one between activists loyal to Senator Robert F. Kennedy, and activists loyal to outgoing Mayor Robert F. Wagner. This is about as useful as saying that *Madame Bovary* is a book about a woman who likes boys. There is small indication, for one thing, that Senator Kennedy is particularly loyal to the people who are loyal to him – most of them are comparative strangers – and even less indication that Mayor Wagner is loyal to his loyalists. Senator Kennedy, in any case, would have serious conflicts in being that loyal; the local Democrats who defer to him as against Mayor Wagner stretch all the way from Congressman Williams Fitts Ryan, focus of the more intense desire for liberal reform, to former Congressman Charles F. Buckley of the Bronx, the last visible symbol of resistance to reform of any sort. Beame won with the support of what remains of the old line Democratic organization which Mayor Wagner sorely wounded during his transitory manifestation as a reformer in 1961. Beame therefore has to be described as a Kennedy candidate, one of three to be precise, since all but one of the contenders in this primary declared himself against the incumbent Democratic Mayor. Sixty-four percent of the Democrats last week voted in fact for anti-Wagner candidates, a result which shatters every Wagnerian except the Mayor

himself. Wagner had abandoned the ship long before the water got to its lower decks and was seen more in public observing the New York Mets than campaigning for Paul Screvane, his defeated heir-designate.

Last spring John Lindsay began with the announcement that he was running against the record of Robert Wagner. Now the fortunes of the Democratic civil war have left Lindsay with opponents who likewise are dedicated enemies of their sitting Democratic Mayor. After Wagner declared he would not again be a candidate, Lindsay, conscious of how lonely it might otherwise be for a Republican to campaign in New York City, chose as his running mates for Comptroller and President of the City Council two old and still loyal friends of the Mayor. And so the only two Wagnerians left with a chance for city-wide office are running on the Republican ticket.

Beame's victory has given rise to suppositions that the old political machine is healthy again; that having got rid of Wagner, it will be too formidable for Lindsay. But no one can really say that in this primary the old guard beat the Wagner establishment. Any machine shows its strength all through the ticket. Curiously enough Charles Buckley, who is the target of all attacks on Bossism because he is the only Boss of the party you can name, carried the Bronx for Beame, then lost more minor offices than he ever had before. Those who call themselves reformers seem in fact to have made the strongest gains of any faction, a profit which will serve them little since they hate one another more than Buckley could imagine hating a Wagner professional. Congressman Ryan, who represents the militant West Side reformers, dared to run for mayor on his own and pulled 16 percent of the vote. Not as much as he had begun to hope for in the last weeks of the campaign, but still a handsome improvement on his original expectations. The more accommodating East Side reformers whose fear of Ryan exceeds their disillusion with Wagner, collapsed with Screvane, and could only stand in his headquarters and watch Ryan on television exult in the impact of his vote.

The last scene of the comedy now plays itself out: The pro-Wagner reformers and the anti-Wagner reformers cast one last look of loathing upon one another,

and then unitedly their troops go over to John Lindsay.

When the votes were in, and Screvane had handsomely conceded, Mayor Wagner went home with nothing to say to any of the reporters and no sign at all that he had been thanked for his efforts by those left behind in the ruins.

Robert Kennedy took home the third prize, temporary custody of the Party. He did his duty with exemplary grace, going to the headquarters of all four Democratic candidates and wishing the losers the same grand fortune he wished the winner. He found only Congressman Ryan truly cheerful. "You would have thought," the Senator said affectionately later, "that Bill had won." Beame was cheerful enough once he had begun to believe it. He could feel like a modest but decent asset, he had beaten Screvane by eight percentage points of the vote—when neither had been expected to run that far ahead of the other—and he thus had a right to claim some personal appeal of his own. His problem is that he is the Jewish candidate running in a city where the best sort of candidate to offer Jewish voters is a forward-looking Yale Episcopalian. Lindsay happens to fill the bill. But Beame's

larger problem is that he leads a party which is no longer a great supermarket; it is a collection of small shopkeepers each competing with the stall next door. This has been the Democratic night of the long knives when every substantial party pro, regardless of faction, fell back on his own ghetto and fought for the minor offices which are his very life. An hour before the polls closed, J. Raymond Jones, chairman of the New York County Democratic Committee and the most forceful of the Wagnerians, was observed in his Harlem headquarters closely counting the tally for state assembly. Only when that was past him could Ray Jones think about the mayoralty race; the task now was to defend not the office where he works downtown, but the street on which he lives.

For Beame as well as the three Democrats he defeated, this campaign must in the end have evoked a scene such as that imagined by Kafka in *Amerika*, when Karl looked down on a political riot in the street below and saw that, "The candidate still kept on uttering words but it was no longer clear whether he was outlining his program or shouting for help."

MURRAY KEMPTON

Republicans at Sea

by Andrew Kopkind

The best news Republicans have heard in months comes from the syndicated Washington clairvoyant, Jeane Dixon, who has predicted a national GOP victory in 1968. Mrs. Dixon was counting on Walter Reuther to be the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1964, and World War III to begin in 1958, but she is still all the Republicans have going for them this year, and they are thankful for any cheerful forecast. Other than that, the gloom which descended on the party last November 3 has not lifted. A Republican congressman joked darkly last week, "It's like that bird that flies in ever-decreasing concentric circles. You know what happens in the end. That's what is happening to us."

The Republican survival kit has as many sets of instructions as there are survivors: Republican Senator Kuchel remains alive by avoiding direct contact with Republicans in his native California. Representative Lindsay tries to become mayor of New York by assum-

ing the coloration of a Jewish Social Democrat, as far as that is humanly possible. In the deep South, Republicans are more racist than ever; in the deep North, they are more aggressively tolerant.

Despite (or because of) the forcible ejection of the Goldwater leadership from control of the Republican National Committee last winter, the party still has no focus of attention. Senator Goldwater considers the exercise of power a loathsome task, and has retired to the ideological hermitage of the Free Society Association (or the Free-Association Society, as an Eastern party official calls it). The only obvious connection he maintains with Republican officialdom is the huge, well-lighted color transparency of his family, only slightly smaller than the Kodak advertisement in Grand Central Station, which shines benevolently in Ray Bliss' outer office.

There are in fact three identifiable Republican parties currently in operation: Congress, the National

Committee, and the rank-and-file; and as many sub-groups as occasions arise. The congressional party, particularly the House of Representatives wing, is the most visible and noisy. It is ruled by the Minority Leader, Gerald Ford, and the Republican Conference Chairman, Melvin Laird, in a kind of Glenn Davis-Doc Blanchard combination. Ford is Mr. Outside; Laird is Mr. Inside. As the 89th Congress got going, they developed the strategy of the Constant Needle—hoping to discover sensitive spots in the Administration's hide. So far, it is they who have been hurt.

Last week, the Republican Leadership's major contribution to government was a day-long obstruction of House business, in traditional concert with Southern Democrats. The few "modern" Republicans who disagreed with the tactic (endless roll calls, readings of the *Record*, and procedural objections) were miserable: "They're petulant kids in kindergarten," one of them said. But there are precious few "moderns"—two dozen at most—and they carry no weight with the leaders. They all get along with Ford, who accords them the respect they never had from his predecessor, Charles Halleck. On the other hand, they have no influence in House Republican policy. As for Laird—the "moderns" just grit their teeth. "Jerry is just out of touch with what's happening in America in the 20th Century," one congressman in the informal, liberal "Wednesday Club" said: "Mel is the brightest, ablest, most ruthless man in Congress."

The week before, the conservative Republicans argued for a vote against the foreign aid appropriation bill, on the grounds that it contained provisions for assistance to India and Pakistan. But 40 Republicans, including Ford but not Laird, finally realized that they could not scuttle the foreign aid program, and voted for the bill. Rank-and-file Republicans rightly began to wonder what their party's position was in the first place.

In August, the party leaders decided that a medical research bill contained bookkeeping inefficiencies, and told members to vote against it. "They really boxed us in," a Wednesday Clubber complained. "We had to vote against cancer research. How do you think *that* goes down in the district?"

Earlier in the year, the Republican Leadership abandoned its bipartisan role in civil rights legislation, and substituted its own voting rights bill, against the best judgment of all the civil rights groups in the country. Martin Luther King was so upset he sent last-minute telegrams to hundreds of congressmen urging a vote against the Republican version; at the end, only 15 Republicans broke with their party. The ruckus did nothing but reaffirm the party's leftover campaign image as anti-civil rights—unfairly, too, because the year before congressional Republicans did as much as anyone to pass the strong Civil Rights Act. The Re-

publican attack on the Medicare bill backfired too; Democrats incorporated the smaller, "voluntary" Republican substitute into their own program, and took the credit for what surely will be an immensely popular law, leaving the GOP again cast as the villain.

Besides the voting rights and Medicare substitutes, the Republicans have presented no major "constructive alternatives" to the Administration's program. There is nothing even faintly resembling Lyndon Johnson's famous "state of the union" messages when he was Majority Leader of the Senate. Most House Republicans are painfully aware of their own ineffectiveness, and to mitigate it, the Leadership has established a set of "task forces" under the House Republican Conference. The education task force has made some suggestions, but the most active groups are those on foreign policy. The one on "NATO and the Atlantic Community," headed by Representative Paul Findley of Illinois, had an enjoyable little trip to Paris to see how General de Gaulle and everybody were doing, but American foreign policy is none the wiser for it. The Planning and Research Committee issued its own "White Paper on Vietnam," which attempted to emphasize President Eisenhower's constructive role in US-Indochinese relations, and was indeed better written than the State Department's own White Paper, but contained no useful ideas for ending the war except more bombings, preferably on people rather than bridges.

The Professional Mr. Dirksen

By contrast with the party's leadership in the House, the Senate Republicans are the very model of sweet reason and progressivism. Unlike Ford and Laird, Senator Dirksen picks his points of opposition carefully. Often, he fights vigorously and then surrenders magnanimously when he knows he must; he comes as close as any politician can to having his cake and eating it. His sense of timing is superb, and his sensitivity to the moods of the Senate is super-refined. His two major campaigns this year—against repeal of the "right-to-work" laws and for a constitutional amendment on reapportionment—catch the Democrats at their weakest points.

"Dirksen's a pro," a House Republican said admiringly; "the House Leadership is merely consistent: the consistency of small minds."

Dirksen has no task forces to bother about, and he often has difficulty in seeing what the House Republican Conference is all about (there is no Senate analogue). His reaction to the Findley delegation to Paris was a startled, "Are you kidding?"

Not exactly competing with—but on the other hand, not exactly coordinated with—the House task forces is the Republican Coordinating Committee, a *directoire*

of party luminaries created by Republican Chairman Ray Bliss to guide and unite the GOP during its long dry season. The Coordinating Committee has 27 members, including such diverse talents as Alf M. Landon, Thomas E. Dewey, William W. Scranton, and Bourke B. Hickenlooper. In effect, it is meant to ratify the work of five of its own task forces, organized by the staff coordinator, Doctor Arthur L. Peterson (Ph.D's are apparently so rare among Republicans that the few who hold them insist, as does Doctor Peterson, on the constant reminder of a title.) The Coordinating Committee's major effort so far has been a nine-point report on the balance of payments program, which contains some reasonable suggestions (expand trade), some meaningless ones ("give top priority to developing a solution to our balance of payments problem"), and some wrong-headed ones (raise interest rates to decrease the dollar drain).

The National Committee, the second separate Republican Party, is no longer a Goldwater camp, but Bliss' efforts to stamp out ideology have not been completely successful. In Ohio, where he was state chairman, he could convince all Republicans that fights over issues were unimportant compared to the practical demands of winning elections. But he has found that no such community of interest exists on the national level. His efforts at reconciliation have quieted nerves, but have not pleased many Republican leaders. To a large extent, the hopes of the moderate wing of the party are riding with him; he replaced Senator Goldwater's man, Dean Burch, only because of pressures from the moderates. But he has failed so far to deliver the party back into the "mainstream," wherever that is, and most liberal Republicans are now convinced that he will not be able to do it. "He's on the right track," a liberal said last week, "but my guess is that he'll never reach the station."

Pressure from the Right

Bliss may have neutralized the National Committee by the careful balancing of right-wingers and moderates, but he is under pressure from the congressional party, which is decidedly conservative (and the power base of the ubiquitous Richard M. Nixon), and from the activists at the local level, the most vocal of whom are Goldwaterites and more so. That is a major source of Republican money and campaign work, and Bliss can hardly overlook it, even if he were so inclined (which he probably is not). "Unless we tell the far right we don't want their money, we will stay in our rut," a Republican congressman (who narrowly escaped the Goldwater debacle) said.

The right-wingers who captured county after county in their campaign for Goldwater's nomination have not

relinquished control; in many areas, they have increased it. Their dedication seems to thrive on defeat, and there is no indication that they can be dislodged before convention time in 1968.

That augurs poorly, of course, for the one star the Republicans have, John Lindsay, on whose chances in New York City Murray Kempton reports elsewhere in this issue. To many Republicans, he is a curse in disguise. There are, however, ways for Lindsay to move up; like Lyndon Johnson (who was barred from the Democratic nomination for President in 1960 because he had the support of the South), he could use the vice-presidency as a "bridge." Hubert Humphrey, too, is bridging the gap – between the ADA and the national Democratic Party – by accepting second-best.

But Lindsayism, if it ever has its hour, is a long way off. Ronald Reagan, soon perhaps to be the Republican nominee for governor of California (and currently the favorite to beat Pat Brown) is at least as hot as Lindsay among the active party workers. A Reagan candidacy for President in 1968 or 1972 is no longer the sick-joke it was a few months ago.

Some Republicans think that nothing they can do will improve their fortunes, that they must wait for a national disaster or the slow accretion of Democratic mistakes to put them back in office. But the two-party system may not wait that long. In many ways, the US now has a one-and-a-half party system, and the half party is getting smaller. Republicans ask, "where are the ideas coming from?" and the truth is that they are not coming. The task forces are either too official or too consensus-minded to stimulate original thinking. There is nothing comparable to the Democratic Study Group, an unofficial ginger group of liberal Democratic congressmen who laid the groundwork for a New Frontier/Great Society program in the late 'Fifties. The Republicans have very little access to the most creative elements in the universities, the foundations, and among writers.

The "splinter groups" – there are about 20 of them, at last count – from the United Republicans of America on the right to Republicans for Progress and the Ripon Society on the left – have proliferated so fast that their individual influence is dissipated. Not one among them provides the breeding ground for ideas that the ADA or the California Democratic clubs once did.

In the absence of a recognized leader to provide the necessary sense of direction, Republicans must sit back and wait, or fend for themselves. Their party has a third of the Congress, a third of the governorships, and can depend on at least a third of any national vote as a hereditary right. There is no state where a Republican victory is out of the realm of possibility. That may be cold comfort, but it will have to do for the moment.

Feeling Dizzy?

James Ridgeway on Drug Labels

The amendments to the drug laws which the late Senator Estes Kefauver fought so hard to get through Congress are supposed to better protect the public by tightening the Food and Drug Administration's regulatory powers. The burden of proof for a drug's safety and efficacy now falls on the manufacturer.

Hubert Humphrey, who tracked around after the drug people following Kefauver's death, now is safely tucked out of harm's way. And it has fallen to L. H. Fountain, a North Carolina congressman, and his staff, to find out whether the drug laws are being administered properly and whether they are sufficient. In two years of hearings, Fountain has picked up several interesting odds and ends of information, but nothing quite so strange as the history he unraveled this spring of two drugs, called meclizine and cyclizine, which the FDA has had some reason to suspect were associated with birth deformities.

Meclizine and cyclizine are antihistaminic drugs that have been sold over the counter since the early 1950's for treatment of nausea, dizziness and motion sickness. The FDA also has approved their use for nausea in pregnancy. Meclizine is sold under the trade name of Bonine by Charles Pfizer & Co.; cyclizine is sold as Mareline and is made by Burroughs Wellcome & Co.

In December of 1962 a number of cases of birth deformities seemingly associated with meclizine were reported abroad, and as a result Sweden, Australia, Denmark and Germany put the drug on prescription. Italy placed a warning on the label. Pfizer passed along these reports to the FDA, but said it had no reports that its meclizine product was involved in deformities.

The next April, Dr. C. T. G. King of the National Institute of Dental Research wrote to FDA Commissioner George Larrick, describing studies he had carried out which showed meclizine to be teratogenic in rats, causing cleft palates, and incomplete calcification of the vertebral column, femur, humerus and skull.

This was soon after the thalidomide tragedy and the FDA was keeping a sharp eye out for drugs that might cause birth defects. FDA officials decided to pull together the available scientific data that would have bearing on whether these two drugs caused fetal defects. A number of specialists were called in, and the manufacturers' data assembled for study. On May 7, 1963, the medical bureau of the FDA, which super-

vises this sort of work, sent the following recommendation to Larrick: "In view of (1) the occurrence of fetal abnormalities in experimental animals when meclizine is administered during pregnancy in larger than therapeutic doses, (2) instances of fetal abnormalities associated with its use, and (3) after consulting with experts, it is the considered opinion of the Bureau of Medicine that all meclizine preparations should be restricted to prescription use. Further, the labeling should include a warning statement, 'Safe Use in Pregnancy Has Not Been Established.' It should also be pointed out in the labeling that serious consideration should be given to the advisability of prescribing the drug for women of childbearing age. . . ."

The same recommendations were made for cyclizine.

About three months after these recommendations had been sent to the Commissioner's office, the assistant to the medical director called both manufacturers, told them the Commissioner had cleared the recommendations and asked whether they would comply voluntarily. If not, he said, the FDA might have to begin regulatory proceedings. A meeting between the FDA officials and company representatives took place in August. The manufacturers said they would not voluntarily comply.

The matter remained stalled until October, when another memo from the medical bureau went up to Larrick, reminding him of its original recommendations and asking him to carry them out. In November, Assistant Commissioner Winton B. Rankin sent back a memo to the bureau making it clear he felt the FDA would be on shaky legal grounds because there was doubt that the 15 experts consulted would come forward to testify if the matter reached the courts. Instead, he asked that an ad hoc committee of experts be formed to go over the drugs and present the Commissioner's office with a formal recommendation. (In fact, the Fountain subcommittee staff turned up a memo at the FDA dated in April, 1963, which specifically stated that the original 15 experts had been contacted and were willing to stand in court if need be.)

Nonetheless, the medical bureau followed Rankin's directive and formed an ad hoc committee which met April 20, 1964. Its conclusions were virtually the same as those of the preceding group; that is, it recommended the two antihistamines be sold only on pre-

scription and the labeling be changed to read that safety in pregnancy had not been established. These recommendations were forwarded to Larrick May 6. On June 11, Dr. Matthew Ellenhorn, then chief of the Drug Surveillance Branch, phoned Larrick's office to find out what had happened to them. He was informed that the summary of the committee meeting which had been submitted as a report could not be considered an official committee recommendation. It was suggested that a member of the committee be appointed to prepare a draft report, circulate it among the committee members for their review and approval, and then send it back up to the Commissioner's office as a formal recommendation.

This must have been a complicated business, since it took *seven* months to prepare the formal recommendation. It was on January 18, 1965 that FDA's medical director, Dr. Joseph F. Sadusk, Jr., sent a memo to Larrick endorsing the committee report which had not changed in substance. Dr. Sadusk's memo advised the Commissioner to tell the companies to comply or face regulatory action.

Then, quite suddenly and mysteriously, Dr. Sadusk changed his mind. Within 72 hours of sending up the report, he called the Commissioner's office to ask to have it sent back for further and final consideration.

Looking back on it, Dr. Sadusk told Fountain, there had been a number of things troubling him about the intended course of action. For one thing, it had been nearly a year since the first ad hoc committee met and during that time more scientific information on meclizine and cyclizine was becoming available. Moreover, he thought that placing the drugs on prescription might be too drastic, since he felt there was little data to demonstrate a cause-and-effect relationship between the drugs and birth defects in humans. The available data concerned animals, and since there were a number of other drugs where animal data suggested teratogenic effects, it might well be better to make a more general and thorough study of them all before arriving at a considered policy. Moreover, thousands of people had been taking meclizine and cyclizine for several years, and at best the FDA only had reports of one hundred or so birth defects in connection with their use. If there had been real cause for alarm, the FDA and the manufacturers would have received thousands of reports.

Actually, as the subcommittee staff brought out, there are thousands of children born deformed every year, but little accurate information as to why they are born that way. Information on what drugs the mothers took in pregnancy appears scant. However, it is not as if meclizine and cyclizine are the only drugs available for nausea, dizziness and motion sickness. There are several other products available whose safety has not been questioned. The FDA of course knows

this. At any rate, Dr. Sadusk decided the matter needed going into once more, and he convened a second ad hoc committee. Scientific evidence seems to have accumulated along three fronts. For one, a study in California of pregnant women on the drugs indicated no cause for worry, although as the subcommittee staff showed, this study covered about 160 women, which it was suggested might be too small a sample to be significant. Another study under way at the National Institutes of Health was said by its sponsors to be as of then inconclusive. Dr. King, however, had been carrying forward his work with the drugs in animals where they continued to appear teratogenic.

The meeting of the second ad hoc committee was held late this April. Under new rules established by Dr. Sadusk, representatives from the manufacturers participated in the deliberations. They were, however, asked to leave the meeting when it came time to make a decision. (A tape recording of the session was made, but the Food and Drug Administration refused to make it available to the Fountain subcommittee on the ground that disclosure to the subcommittee would unsettle the scientists.)

This committee's recommendations were considerably milder than those of the two preceding groups. It proposed that meclizine and cyclizine be left out for sale over the counter without a prescription, but that labels be changed to carry the statement: "This drug shall not be taken during pregnancy without the advice of a physician." This proposal was sent to Larrick.

All of this has led to a certain amount of confusion. When reports about the possible danger of these drugs to pregnant women first were circulated, the Public Health Service removed stocks of meclizine and cyclizine from 40 clinics where government employees are treated. But the public at large knows little of the controversy that has occupied the FDA for three years.

When asked for something to alleviate air sickness, airlines still give out Bonine and Marezine as well as other drugs. But in Washington last week one druggist refused to sell Bonine to a young lady who said she was nauseated, dizzy and thought she might be pregnant. He said he heard it might result in birth defects. In three other instances, however, druggists recommended Bonine and Marezine to women who complained of nausea and dizziness. When the women said they might be pregnant and asked whether the drugs would be safe in that case, the druggists said both products were perfectly safe.

Dr. Sadusk made it clear he felt women who are pregnant ought to know enough not to take just any drug. Their doctors would have told them that. Presumably a warning on the label would be an additional warning to such women. It was unclear what women should do if they were nauseated but did not believe themselves pregnant.

Unions and a Lid on Wages

London

Britain, facing an economically chilly winter, finds its trades unions with a knife at their back, a knife set there by their political comrades in Mr. Wilson's Labour Government. The Government is prepared to (a) take legal power to force unions to give prior notice of wage demands, (b) defer "excessive" demands until the Prices and Incomes Board has had a look at them. To try to head off statutory interference with free bargaining, the Trades Union Congress has reluctantly agreed to screen wage claims itself; and George Brown, the Economics Minister, says he will not use his legal machinery until he has seen what the unions can do to keep wage increases running roughly parallel to increased productivity, which in today's terms means around three-and-a-half percent a year.

The difficulties are enormous. For a start, the TUC vote against self-discipline was over three million, to five million for. The three million who oppose include the giant Transport and General Workers Union, a catchall of unskilled workers in a whole range of different industries. The official head of the TGWU is Frank Cousins, "on leave" as Minister of Technology in the Wilson Government. But Cousins' cabinet rank has in no way assured that his union will play ball.

Then there is the sheer administrative problem of how to cope with a flood of demands. There are some 172 unions, representing just under nine million workers, affiliated with the TUC (and there are 400 unions which are not affiliated). Because very few unions are organized on an industry basis, but rather represent special crafts and skills in a host of plants, in any year they could between them send up demands by the thousand. George Woodcock, the TUC's General Secretary, admits freely that he will not have the staff to deal with all of them thoroughly. He expects most of them to go through "on the nod," which means that for the system to work the majority of claims will have to be in the region of three-and-a-half percent at the start. In other words, the system can work effectively only if it is unnecessary. In practice, it *will* be necessary: So far this year, wage increases have been running at an average of over six percent. Price increases are also up to the same level.

Woodcock confesses that his only hope is for a climate of opinion to develop which censures excessive wage claims. But it is one thing to get a trade unionist to see that the wage-price spiral is self-defeating, quite

another to get him to recognize that his own particular claim is wrong. So, with virtually each and every union invoking special considerations for increases in excess of the average, and with the added snag that many side-benefits are negotiated at factory level, out of reach of union leaders, it is hard to see any "climate of opinion" turning the voluntary trick.

Despite this, Woodcock seems to think he holds the trump card, and that in the last resort nothing can be *imposed* on the unions. But the plain fact is that, until such time as the unions are prepared to take widespread strike action, they are and will be subject to outside pressures urging them to move faster; two such pressures are at the moment particularly strong.

The first, to which they are already reacting with a speed that surprises even themselves, is, of course, the pressure from the Labour Government, which is playing on every emotional heartstring to bring home to the unions the degree to which the economic resilience of the nation, and therefore of their own jobs, is in their own hands. Particularly nasty pictures are conjured up of what could happen in the next six months unless sterling is bolstered, and seen to be bolstered, by an effective incomes policy.

Then, at back of the Government's appeal, stand the readings of pollsters. By a 4 to 1 margin the public would ban wildcat strikes; even 44 percent of union members seem to favor stricter control of their unions. In this atmosphere, the unions are more on trial than they like to think. If the Government does decide to use the statutory delaying power over wage demands, there is every sign that it would be made to work much better than Woodcock thinks.

For the point is that if there is to be an incomes policy, Labour is best placed to get it. This is admitted in some Conservative circles, where it is even offered as an overriding reason for Labour staying in office a while longer.

What in the end will weigh most with the high priests of British trade unionism is that the knife at their back can strike twice. If they fail to keep the lid on wages, the Labour Government will use statutory powers: that is the first blow to their status. If, then, their failure leads in turn to an economic failure of the Labour Government, the knife passes to Conservative hands.

BRIAN WENHAM

The Opinion in Paris: China Won't Fight

Few recent diplomatic initiatives have been so misrepresented as General de Gaulle's probes of Chinese intentions. It has been reported, for instance, that André Malraux, whose trip to Peking was in connection with a forthcoming Chinese art exhibit, returned appalled by Chinese leaders' "lack of realism" and by their childish disregard for American power.

I investigated those reports in Paris and found them wholly untrue. Not only Malraux but other Frenchmen recently returned from China report a keen Chinese appreciation of the immensity of US military might and the swiftness with which it can be put in operation at any point on the globe. While they refer publicly to the US as a "paper tiger," in private Chinese leaders say that they will do everything to avoid a head-on clash with the Americans. While giving aid to North Vietnam and to the Viet Cong, so they told Malraux, they are determined not to engage any of their troops there. Moreover, this is hardly necessary, in their judgment, because the Vietnamese are capable of bearing the brunt of the fighting. The Chinese have also made it plain that they are determined not to give the Americans any pretext for air raids on China.

But the Chinese leaders have no interest in the speedy end of the war in Vietnam or in any negotiation. They disparage all would-be mediators – the Soviets, U Thant, Nasser. When offering to mediate, say the Chinese, all such parties have only one thing in mind – boosting their own prestige. This may explain why, after Malraux's return to Paris, any idea of French mediation was shelved by de Gaulle.

The French now feel that the Chinese are willing to fight the Vietnamese war up to the last Vietnamese, believing that the longer the war lasts the greater the political reverses for both the US and Soviet Russia; the US because it is involved in the fighting, Russia because it is not, though for years it has said it would "crush any imperialistic aggressor who dares to raise his hand against any socialist country."

The Chinese leaders have told the French that all problems of Southeast Asia will finally have to be thrashed out in bilateral talks between Peking and Washington, but that a *modus vivendi* between these two powers could be achieved only if the US agrees to leave Asia. This does not mean that the Chinese foresee the possibility of ending the war in Vietnam by such bilateral negotiation. That war, they hope, will peter out in a year or two, or five years. The Americans will then withdraw. Only after such humiliating withdrawal, they think, will the Americans be ready to discuss with Peking an overall settlement for Eastern

and Southeastern Asia.

I should point out that this view is fully shared by French officials right up to de Gaulle. They know, of course, that the Americans will not be defeated. But they believe that as the war goes on the structure of Vietnamese society, North and South, will be shattered, leaving in the end only ruins and homeless refugees. The Americans will never be able to revive or run a Vietnamese state. Sooner or later they will leave. Who will move in? The Chinese. The only barrier to that take-over has been the Vietnamese nation and the Vietnamese states, anti-Communist and Communist alike. But they will be no more.

French officials now have an excellent knowledge of what is going on in the minds of the North Vietnamese leaders, who are said to be much closer to Moscow than they were even a few months ago, and who are increasingly irritated by Peking's uncompromising attitude. The reason is simple: lately Soviet aid to North Vietnam has been arriving in serious quantities; not only military aid but also economic. If there is at present no acute starvation in North Vietnam, though shortages are very grave, it is due to Russia. China still gives very little. In addition, the leaders in Hanoi look with mounting concern on the destruction of their country by US air raids. One is told in Paris that most Hanoi leaders now fully accept Moscow's opinion, expressed only in private, that they have everything to gain and nothing to lose from negotiations and a peaceful settlement. But neither Moscow nor Hanoi is yet willing to make the slightest move in that direction, if there is the slightest risk that Peking will denounce it as a "betrayal" and a "surrender to American imperialists." Will the time ever come when Hanoi could be induced to disregard Peking's advice? French officials constantly discuss that question. They are not sure whether an affirmative reply is warranted. They ask themselves how Peking could be induced to give up its virtual veto power over negotiations. China's price is not known. And when it is, who would be willing to pay it? Not the US in its present mood.

Thus, the French conclude, there is no alternative but for the war to continue. That conclusion is reinforced by the findings of qualified Frenchmen, who have been to China lately and report that conditions are infinitely better than at any time in the last decade. This year's harvest is said to be satisfactory; food supplies are sufficient for the meager diet. And as the Chinese leaders told their French visitors, an outside war for which China's two most powerful foes, the United States and Russia, are paying heavily is the

best guarantee that China will be left in peace to pursue her domestic tasks.

French visitors have been struck too by the degree of contempt which the Chinese leaders display towards Soviet Russia; and by their exuberant confidence that the Chinese-Soviet feud has now turned to their benefit. They are determined to continue harrasing the Soviet leaders, and they are equally disparaging about

India. For them the Indian state is as rotten as Kuomintang China once was. And they forecast that it will have a similar fate. But again the Chinese have not the slightest intention of getting involved in a military adventure against India, though they will relentlessly push their cold war against the southern neighbor that once was their competitor for the title of Asia's first power.

PHILIP BEN

India and Pakistan at War

"Neither Side Could Concede and Survive"

by Charles Burton Marshall

A long and complex past lies behind the subcontinent's new war. In the applicable time scale, Islam is a relative novelty, for its advent dates back a mere twelve and a half centuries to the Arab conquest of Sind. A series of invasions from Afghanistan followed three centuries later. Their eventual and enduring result was the Delhi Sultanate, 1206-1526, during which Afghans subdued Bengal, Islam was carried into the Himalaya and Kashmir conquered, and Muslim outposts were spread into the south. In the sixteenth century, these positions were overrun by a further Muslim conquest from the northwest—that of the misnamed Moguls.

Islam's adherents, thus deposited widely over India, came to aggregate about a fourth of a population preponderantly Hindu. They were concentrated more in the north and formed majorities only in the northwest and northeast extremes. Great ethnic, lingual, and regional differences divided them.

Besides being heavily outnumbered, Muslims were generally at a competitive disadvantage in important vocations. A main exception was the military profession. The Bengalis aside, Muslims generally did well at soldiery. They also enjoyed the prestige of religious identity with the establishments ruling over large portions of the subcontinent at the Mogulate's zenith and

through its long decline. But with the Mogulate's final collapse and the advent of the British raj in 1857, Muslim thought had to meet the problems of a disadvantaged and highly self-conscious minority. The response was to emphasize connections with the great body of Islam outside the subcontinent. Insecurity was redressed by invoking a community, part mystical and part real, epitomized in the caliphate which combined religious with temporal authority in the Turkish sultan.

Humiliation of the caliphate with the defeat of Turkey in World War I and the secular-minded Ataturk's subsequent outright abolition of the institution amounted to a spiritual amputation for the subcontinent's Muslims. A movement developed to restore the caliphate as their anchor of significance. Meanwhile, eventual independence for India, prefigured in Britain's grant of a small measure of self-rule in the 1919 Government of India Act, became a growing prospect. The caliphate movement found a new name as the Muslim League and a new purpose in demands for autonomy, and then for separate statehood for Muslims in the event of independence for India. In dreams spun by this movement, a Muslim state in the subcontinent, as the Islamic world's most numerous and powerful, would be looked to for leadership by Muslims everywhere and would thereby gain an importance rivaling or even excelling India's. But there were secular considerations too. Proponents of Pakistan sought a polity of their own so as to escape political subordination to a majority from which they felt alienated. Specifically

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The Uses of Military Aid

Senator Gore: I find it difficult to defend giving a vast amount of military assistance to Pakistan and then providing economic aid to India with which she buys Canberra bombers. We are paying the bill on both sides. . . .

Secretary of Defense McElroy: This defense, of course, is not against India. This is allocated to Pakistan for defense against Russia and China.

Senator Gore: Well, that may be your purpose, but our official who is there with the program day to day says that insofar as the Pakistanis are concerned, they want it as armament against India.

Secretary McElroy: Well, we don't agree with them.

Senator Gore: But you give it to them, nevertheless, and they are the ones who will use it, not you.

Testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, May 6, 1959

two factors appear to have been indispensable in the resulting emergence of Pakistan. One was the driving personality of Mohammed Ali Jinnah – a man of no strong religious impulse but of implacable resolve not to be ruled by Hindus. The second was a determination to preserve the professional identity of Muslim officers fearful of being submerged or eliminated when the British Army in India should become the Indian Army.

The new state of Pakistan took form in two territories, with a population differentiated in language, personality, and outlook. A thousand unfriendly Indian miles separated them. A governing apparatus had to be assembled from scratch: Trained talent was woefully short, for much of the Muslim component of the Indian civil service opted for India. The new army was infected by a conspiracy hatched between Communists and hothead officers. The founding father soon died. His lieutenant was assassinated. No unifying figure was at hand. The economy was in a bog. Pakistan's survival through its initial years seemed improbable.

External relations gave no comfort. The anticipated ascendancy among Muslim states proved a pipedream. Pakistan seemed outclassed. Besides its numerical advantage, India had the prestige of an ancient historic name and a world renowned leader, Jawaharlal Nehru. Pakistan's name was synthetic and unfamiliar, and its leaders were scarcely notable even at home. The most bedeviling frustration related to a dispute over a former princely state in the Himalaya.

Under agreed principles for dividing up the sub-continent, princely states would adhere to Pakistan or

India at their rulers' option – a provision included at the instance of the negotiators for Pakistan-to-be, with an eye to Deccan Hyderabad, with its rich Muslim Nizam in sway over a mostly Hindu populace. They expected to finesse the situation in Kashmir, where for a century a Hindu dynasty had been misruling a mostly Muslim populace. These expectations went awry. The Indians preempted Hyderabad in force. Kashmir's shaky maharaja, who had probably nursed futile dreams of autonomy, summoned India's help against armed intrusions from Pakistan and signed an accession to India, only to be soon displaced for unfitness.

Pakistan and India tottered to a mountain war beyond their means. Then a UN commission arranged a cease-fire under continuing international supervision. The outcome left India's army holding the bulk of the contested area, including the coveted Vale of Kashmir, and Pakistan's forces in the margins. India, as well as Pakistan, agreed or at least said it agreed to a plebiscite rather than force as a means for settlement. For the time being, both states refrained from annexations within their lines. Perhaps India's declared intentions were sincere. Perhaps its design was to delay long enough to predetermine, if possible, a favorable tally. In any event, India soon began to renege, especially after its 1952 elections brought a nationalist upsurge uncompromisingly against any concession to religious identities within India and for annexation in Kashmir. Thereafter India shifted ever more unequivocally to a thesis holding the status of Kashmir to be a domestic concern, a settled issue, no business of Pakistan's. Obviously, Pakistanis felt that they were being patronized and scorned.

A half dozen years after independence, Pakistan's need of something to anchor to outside, of some substitute for the extinct caliphate, was desperate. It was then, in the wake of the stalemate in Korea, that the United States began shopping for Asian members for an alliance hopefully designed to ward off further attempted Communist conquests in Southeast Asia. Pakistan responded. Its foreign minister tried to get the Manila Treaty amended to focus it against India. Secretary of State Dulles said no; the pact would be confined to anti-Communist purposes. Otherwise, the Senate would not concur. Pakistan signed on as a recruit anyway. Its new ally was a big country and a big spender. Pakistan would get aid to quicken its economy and to expand and to update its armed forces. US military aid would be subject to provisos requiring the concurrence of Washington for its use against foreign enemies. The insistent neutrality of the US on issues of high moment to Pakistan might be modified in time and by persuasion. At least, Pakistan could so hope. It joined another regional pact, sponsored but not adhered to by the US, and in 1958 the United

States came through with a bilateral agreement specifying concern for Pakistan's security. Pakistan's forces made a good showing with the aid they received. In return, the United States was using Pakistani locations for its strategic observations.

Perennially petitioning at the UN and elsewhere, Pakistan continued to elicit from others, including its big ally, homilies about negotiation and settlement of its dispute with India – as if the solution depended on trading parcels of territory, distributing waters, and adjusting local anomalies. But Kashmir stood as a classic instance of an unnegotiable issue, because it bears on the very *raison d'être* of both parties.

India is a congeries of faiths – Muslim, Christian, Buddhist, Jainist, Parsi, and Sikh, as well as Hindu, and the Hindu system itself is riven into a complex of exclusory castes. India could not exist as a modern state except on a secular basis. India must fight for its national life against ever-latent disintegrative forces. It has small margins. It professes to see a mortal risk in making concessions to the idea of a religious basis for allegiance. But Pakistan's existence rests on religious identity, which compels it to uphold self-determination for Kashmir. Pakistan-to-be was fickle to its own premise in the 1947 gambit on the right of princes to opt for their subjects. In any event, a choice exercised by an unfit, precarious ruler seems a sorry basis on which to foreclose such an issue. Each disputant understands fully, even if it cannot accept, the other side's position. Further parleying became pointless long ago.

Short of being forced into submission, it is hard to see how either could accept terms acceptable to its adversary. Probably neither regime could concede and survive. Pakistan could not possibly back down. It could only trouble the issue along, growing increasingly restive but still unable to break out of a *status quo* in which India held the advantages. The possibility of an alternative approach, in explicit or tacit conjunction with Red China, was probably long entertained by the Pakistanis. I so surmised on observing the lionizing of Chou En-lai in Karachi in December, 1956.

Three years ago India announced with great flourish a decision to oust the Chinese from a disputed zone on her borders. The Chinese responded militarily with shattering effect on a limited front. Without even waiting to get terms signed, the United States began rushing military aid to India. It made no stipulations about Kashmir. One can suppose India would not have budged anyway on Kashmir. Subsequently, a number of visiting US emissaries made ritualistic appeals for the disputants to negotiate some more. India stuck to its position. So did Pakistan.

For Pakistan the US must have lost all its value as surrogate to the caliphate, at the moment of beginning

military aid to India. Pakistan responded by doing the analytically logical thing, warming up to China. Whatever terms, if any, may have been agreed between them, Pakistan now has a partner with whom it is aligned respecting India. Boxed in, India finds it difficult to marshal forces against Pakistan. My impression from afar is that Pakistan's moves in the initial stages of the renewed war have reflected comprehensible military purposes, but that India's have been frantic and feckless, as when bombers were sent against East Pakistan cities, with no probable result except solidifying Pakistan's Bengalis behind a war for which they otherwise might have scant enthusiasm, or when an ill-prepared Indian thrust was made toward Lahore.

Pakistan, economically more of a going concern than formerly, has been doing relatively better than India. It might well make it, militarily preempting the position in Kashmir and forcing India's regime beyond its political resources. The disintegrative effect on India would delight China. The effect on US interests would be deleterious. It would be bad to have it demonstrated that an Asian country, trammled while aligned with the US, can score a large success after shifting its alignment to China.



If There Is No Cease-Fire Soon...

Neither the Indian nor the Pakistani armed forces have the capacity to sustain a long war against the other. Although both have domestic munitions plants, and India has a fledgling aircraft industry, and both have substantial accumulations of American, British, French and Russian matériel, a point must soon be reached where each side will be forced to husband its resources. Short of some master-stroke, and despite the fact that the Indian army comprises 17 divisions against Pakistan's eight and that in population terms the balance is four-and-a-half to one, the regular forces are unlikely to achieve more than a stand-off.

But when that happens, if not before, irregulars may very well keep up the fight; more alarmingly, communal violence is liable to break out on a 1947 scale, when between 500,000 to one million perished.

Communalism is the curse of the subcontinent. It is not limited to Hindu-Moslem antagonism. Sikhs in the Indian Punjab, who were driven out of their ancient settlements around Lahore in 1947 almost to the last man, have never got along well with their Punjabi Hindu neighbors. This has led to bloody clashes.

The language issue in India has led to riots again and again – the most recent being in South India this summer where Madrassis objected violently to the imposition of Hindi in place of English as the nation's official language.

New Delhi has run into similar troubles in Assam, and the volatile Bengalis have constantly been rioting about something – whether politics, bread, religion or language. In caste-ridden India, it has been enough to set off bloody uproars for an untouchable to draw water from a village well, thus defiling it in the eyes of those higher in the Hindu scale.

As if that were not enough, clashes have regularly taken place between Indians and so-called "tribals" – primitive hill folk. For years the Indian army and air force has tried and failed to subjugate the Nagas, who demand independence from Delhi. This has soaked up battalions of troops.

India's 50 million Moslems form one-ninth of its population; the Moslem pockets isolated in a Hindu mass are an easy mark. It is hard to say whether they are more vulnerable in the big cities, such as Delhi, Calcutta and Bombay, where Moslems are apt to be shopkeepers and artisans and are better off than their Hindu neighbors and on that account alone a target for hatred, or in isolated village communities.

For 17 years the armed forces on both sides have been preparing for this war. If it now ends in a stand-off, as I believe it must, what happens to the reputa-

tions of the military? Could Field Marshal Ayub Khan survive as President? And if not, what will follow him? Obviously for the moment the armed forces loom large on the New Delhi scene. But they took a nasty knock in terms of popular prestige in the Himalayas when they were put to flight by the Chinese nearly three years ago. If they cannot now inflict a clinching defeat on Pakistan, one wonders what their title to leadership will be?

The longer the war goes on and the more the threat gathers momentum of its degenerating into interreligious knife-play by undisciplined fanatics on a wide scale, the more dangerous the entire picture becomes.

Anyone who has mixed with educated Pakistanis and Indians over the age of forty, soldiers or civilians, notes that they rub along amicably enough together just so long as Kashmir is not mentioned. They are products of the same school, figuratively and often literally. The tragedy is that so many of these folk now stand a very good chance of being swept aside.

There is going to be a well-nigh irresistible tendency in both camps, of course, to blame Britain and America for the entire calamity. It may be academically interesting for military experts to see whether the US *Patton* is really a better tank than the British *Centurion* or the Hawker *Hunter* more maneuverable than the Lockheed *Lightning*, but you can take it for certain that the West will catch it in the neck either way.

The chorus will be: "You let us down!"

Attempts by the American Congress to apply pressure by cutting off civilian aid along with military to both sides, which was voted down on President Johnson's say-so, will certainly be remembered as attempted blackmail. Aid to both has been "frozen."

For all these reasons, then, I foresee the upshot of this war as being the emergence of a new India-Pakistan. New leaders will appear, and unless we are very lucky, careful or both, the prospect is that they will be an even more prickly lot to deal with.

The odds look to me about even as between military dictatorship and a Marxist-based takeover. The only thing that can stop this, and save the existing power elite in both countries, is to agree on a cease-fire while each enjoys sufficient domestic prestige to hang on. But at this writing the chances of such a recourse to reason and self-interest do not look good.

STEPHEN BARBER

MR. BARBER was in New Delhi 1960-63, reporting Asia for the London Daily Telegraph, and is now the Washington correspondent of the London Sunday Telegraph.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Path to Grace

by Irving Howe

In the caves of Egypt, during the glory of primitive Christianity, the desert monks would stand through the nights in prayer, curbing their vanity and malice with bodily mortification. Had Father Cawder lived in that era of ecstasy, he would surely have stood among them, blistering his feet on the hot sands and freezing them on cold rocks, as he tightened the chains of iron around his fleshless body. But it is the misfortune of Father Cawder to have been born in a later age, our age of indifference and skepticism, when the faith is weak and, even in its occasional strength, corrupted by comfort. It is further his misfortune to be moldering peacefully as the pastor of Lulworth, a sleepy town in Maryland, where the ethic of martyrdom is not so much refused as unrecognized.

Father Cawder, whom I believe to be one of the most powerful characterizations in American fiction, is the central figure of *The Encounter*. First published in 1950 by a new but not young writer, this novel was neglected by public and critics alike. It sold meagerly; it was barely reviewed even in the serious journals; and only among a few literary people, the kind who enjoy making and sharing discoveries on their own, did it gain an "underground" reputation. Its fate was the fate of too large a portion of serious American writing: to be buried beneath the flood of books, most of them trivial and not worth an hour of attention, that comes pouring off the presses each year. As for the author of *The Encounter*, all one could learn about Mr. Crawford Power was that he is an architect by profession, lives in Virginia, and to his manifest credit, has no interest in literary publicity.

Now, 15 years later, *The Encounter* appears once more, as if to enforce the great American dream of a second chance, a second life. Reading the book again, I find myself as stirred and im-

pressed as when I came upon it. This is a distinguished novel, one of the small number published in America during the past twenty-five years. It is too harsh and violent to be called a novel of sensibility, too delicate and reflective to be called a naturalistic novel, and so free from parochial concerns as to be something more and better than what we usually take to be a religious novel. Its hero, to be sure, is a Catholic priest, his agony a crisis in conscience, his antagonists members of his own faith; but the book does not smell of the tract nor speak merely to those who have already possessed a single truth. *The Encounter* is one of the few recent novels which not merely commands a strong emotional response, but what is rarer, engages in serious and sustained reflection.

Father Cawder is a man of complete dedication: He believes in the truth of God's word, scorns the paltriness of mundane affairs, acknowledges the worm in man's soul. His own dry worm thrives in the stale atmosphere of righteousness and self-abasement, each angrily following upon the other. First seen in a tea-time conversation with a parishioner, the comfortable and comfort-loving Mrs. Girard, Father Cawder appears to be following "some fast of his own invention, a private prohibition of cucumbers." When the sensitive Mrs. Girard offers to donate pew cushions to his church (God, she supposes, gains no satisfaction from bruised knees), Father Cawder clumsily declines her gift: "It seems to me the Church ought to be kept clear of this cult of comfort. Christians are getting to be very soft."

Mr. Power's way with this opening scene is beautifully right. Father Cawder speaks the truth, or part of it, yet he is also the "ridiculous priest" Mrs. Girard hastily judges him to be. Mrs. Girard is correct in assuming that sig-

nificant good is possible short of martyrdom, yet she does represent the adulteration of the faith Father Cawder sees in her. The clash of the two figures, while foreshadowing the intensely serious concerns of the novel, is done with a gritty humor and that potential of the ridiculous which always lurks in an excess of seriousness. And Mr. Power's humor is marked—perhaps I should say, held in—by a strong intelligence: He follows Father Cawder into every moral trap which a Puritan sensibility manacled to Catholic faith can devise, yet he is appropriately respectful of this "ridiculous priest" and his exhausting bouts of self-assault.

Bony and graceless, his mouth slit like a shark's, and his body recalling "the violated ugliness of a headless fowl," Father Cawder has eaten no meat for twelve years, and feels no difficulty in supposing that "a strict moralist . . . could find occasion of sin in a daily hot bath." Each of the opening chapters establishes Father Cawder through a precise contrast: first with Mrs. Girard, the agent of ease and affection; then with his assistant, Father Moran, a Catholic radical keen to the uses of credit unions but dull to the spirit of Calvary; and then with his housekeeper, Mrs. McGovern, a sly mixture of sloth and Mariolatry, neither of which Father Cawder can abide.

Now in the abstract Father Cawder is right against all three, each of whom represents some deviation from the faith into worldliness and sentimentalism; but in the immediacy of his voice, his gestures and his bearing, he sins against them. He sins through impatience and stiffness. And his sins against these people seem as large as theirs against the faith, for by an unmodulated insistence on the truth (he knows only one) he subtly violates their spirits. He cannot see that there may be use, or even goodness, in Mrs. Girard's fondness for the small soothing niceties of custom, or in Father Moran's eagerness to root out poverty, or in Mrs. McGovern's acceptance of her own triviality. Straining toward an

exalted faith, he yields to the heresy that the world is merely a burden to be endured, rather than the natural residence of the soul. Life gives him too much offense.

Is there a sin that consists in nothing but a constant concern with God? If so, that is Father Cawder's sin. As a seminary student in his youth, he had been tempted by his friend, the Reverend Edmund Owen—"Ned" the Devil in stately ecclesiastic black—to "learn the degree of his favor with God." In later years, even as he realizes the enormity of this temptation, he continues to measure the value of his faith: *He needs always to know where he stands with God.* Not for a moment can he

remove the thought of God from his consciousness or forget the shameful-ness of the pride that keeps it there—and he knows it to be the work of pride and the pride to be a cause for shame. He commands all the forms of piety except that "natural piety," a reverent ease before the objects of human life, without which no man can safely make his way through the small, lacerating troubles of daily existence.

Steadily, probing deeper and deeper, Mr. Power develops the moral and psychological life of Father Cawder; and perhaps the most notable fact about this life is that the priest, entangled though he may be by his will, never lacks in self-scrutiny. He knows the truth of all that can be said against him, and a good deal more; and because he believes that even if denial is enjoined upon saints, his own denial masks the stubbornness of his will, he continues to mortify himself all the more. Thereby he compounds the very sin from which he struggles to break loose, that overdeveloped keenness of self-perception which, as it reveals cause for humility, goads him into further presumption. In a sense Father Cawder tries to compete with God by taking upon himself an autonomy that, in the religious scheme, no man dare assume. His sinfulness he quickly grants; his unworthiness too; but the fact of limitation, the need to accept it as a step toward love of God, yet to accept it without glorying or even acquiescing in it—that is terribly hard.

Father Cawder's crisis, forming the outer action of the novel, is brought upon him by a dream in which there is revealed to him the possibility that a circus acrobat named Diamond, visiting Lulworth with a carnival, is his double, his invisible brother in spirit. But can one trust a dream? Is it a signal from God or a trick of mania?

"It was not impossible to God. If it was presumptuous to think the finger of God might point out a circus performer as in a parable, an unknowable portentous gesture—on the other hand, it was not permitted to limit God. Forbidding Him intervention, if such was His will. He could make use of a priest in a country town, allying him in some not unimaginable way with a carnival

acrobat. If He wished He could make His will known in intelligible form, projecting analogies on a man inert in sleep, inclining a human will to His mysteries. If it was the will of God! Before he slept, once and for all it must be dealt with—plaguing doubt, ridiculously possessing him like an ache, like a bodily constriction."

How can a man know, even if he be a priest? Pride tempts Father Cawder to dismiss the dream as absurd: What link can there be between him and a petty grifter? Pride leads him to search out Diamond and slowly burrow into the man's life—for could not the acrobat "conceal under the disguise of a buffoon an experience of grace?" Nothing about Diamond seems promising, not a spark of spirit or a sign of grace: "He was merely mediocre, suspicious and lustful. He existed, according to the custom of the world, for the brief sensations of each day, the pleasures to be had in a woman's body, a soft bed, food and drink and pocket money. Like all the millions of the earth, a creature moved like a puppet by his appetites."

Like all the millions of the earth— with this phrase Father Cawder would place himself as Diamond's superior. But in a restrained symbolism, the affinity between the two men is gradually uncovered. At the carnival where Father Cawder and Mrs. Girard wait for Diamond to perform his stunt of diving from a high platform into a narrow pool of water, he remarks to her that he is "waiting for the dive."

"You like that sort of thing?"

"I prefer it to the rest of this."

"Really? It seems so crazy, jumping all that distance. They always break their necks sooner or later, don't they?"

In preferring "the dive," Father Cawder is linked to Diamond: They share a readiness to take chances, to "break their necks sooner or later." So there begins a slow interweaving of two lives: the priest and the diver. Though a mere "paltry foxlike tout of a man," Diamond immediately senses Father Cawder's weakness, as Smerdyakov sensed the weakness of Ivan Karamazov: That, of course, is the tra-

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ditional use of the double in literature, to embody qualities which lie dormant or hidden in the central figure. If Diamond thus brings to brazen light the element of mediocrity shared by all men – (but that is what Father Cawder cannot bear: to be like all men!) – he also personifies a willingness to live in the world, even if to live meanly, which Father Cawder scorns and lacks and needs. Between protagonist and double Mr. Power builds an extremely complex and ambiguous relationship which controls the plot and leads to the climax of the novel.

Father Cawder's passion is God; Diamond's, a former prostitute named Stella. For both, love aspires toward complete possession: "I guess he's got his good points," says the tough- and sometimes mean-spirited Stella about Diamond, "but he's always at me. I'm getting good and sick of the way he is. He won't leave me be for a minute." The nagging jealousy with which Diamond harasses the girl is a petty equivalent to the tormented exaltation with which Father Cawder seeks his God: Both reveal an insistence of will. Father Cawder does not see this parallel at first – it is one of the few things he does not see immediately – but he is nonetheless driven to dig more and more deeply into Diamond's affairs, helping to find a home for the child Stella has left in a New Jersey brothel and becoming their worldly rather than strictly spiritual advisor.

In some subtle way Father Cawder betrays each of his friends: Mrs. Girard, by refusing her gestures of amiability; Father Moran, by speaking of him in a tone of irony to their bishop; Stella, by lecturing her on morals; and Diamond too. At the climax of *The Encounter* Diamond comes to Father Cawder's new church – a run-down parish in Philadelphia – seeking shelter. In an outburst of jealousy Diamond has murdered Stella and now the police are closing in.

Here Mr. Power faced temptations, sentimentality first, but routine piety also; through the discipline of craft, he escapes both. Father Cawder does admit Diamond to sanctuary, for as a spiritually distressed priest he has, at least, the imagination to see the grandeur of an act rehearsing the humane gesture of the medieval church. But

it is an act which, far from providing a conventional resolution, sharpens the conflict between the two men. Father Cawder refuses to accept Diamond's shabby alibi, and with impressive force tells him: "I'm not compelled to believe what you say. Do you think only a man who speaks the truth can come into this house?"

The question rings with the glory of traditional Christendom. Yet it is Diamond, murderous wretch that he is, who takes the last word. "I can just about figure out what you're thinking,"

he tells the priest. "If you'd been on hand... if you'd done something you forgot to do, said a little prayer, she'd be alive yet.... At first you had me fooled. But you can't stand to lose a trick, can you? You just can't stand to lose out, can you?" To this harsh judgment, stripping his sacred office to a scrap of egoism, Father Cawder makes no reply. Diamond is shot by the police when he tries to run from the church, but for Father Cawder nothing is settled; the act of giving sanctuary has brought him neither peace nor purga-

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tion. All he can now do is to draw up a balance sheet with himself: He does not love God, he does not fear God, he believes in nothing but the existence of God. "I can envy the joy of those who love God, I who cannot even love another man." With God his struggle must continue; with man it has ended. To have lived among other men and yet not with them, was a betrayal; and in his failure with Diamond and Stella he sees the measure of his failure with God. He is still cut off, this anguished and "ridiculous priest;" but he knows where he stands.

The Encounter is neither autobiography nor technical display; its style neither artless nor self-indulgent. It is the work of a mature and undeluded man with a seemingly instinctive—which is probably to say, a hard-won and considered—mastery of form. There are of course some faults. Least important is an annoying mannerism: Mr. Power uses too many hanging clauses in place of sentences. More important is the problem of the motivation behind Father Cawder's involvement with Diamond, which in a novel otherwise strictly realistic verges on the contrived and allegorical. And most important is a certain tension, perhaps it is a disharmony, between the controlling scheme of the book, which cannot avoid being a little loose, and the economy of the individual episodes, which is always rigorous and precise.

At most, these are flaws in a work of distinction. Perhaps the surest sign of Mr. Power's control is that he enforces his own pace—slow, "thick" and reflective—upon the reader, demanding strict attention not because of complications in plot or syntax but because of the density of the matter. Mr. Power shuttles skillfully between two vastly

different environments, the bare room in which Father Cawder struggles with himself, and the tawdry streets of Trenton and Philadelphia in which Diamond and Stella act out their tawdry fate. The prose of the novel is tense, dark, close-grained, and at times so packed and nervous as to create friction with the narrative. Here are a few sentences describing the trip to the New Jersey brothel:

"The car began to move faster, skirting a pasture where a flock of sheep was grazing. It took the incline of a concrete ramp. Raised now on stilts, the road lay across a marsh. Pools and shaggy grass wavered out of sight toward a belt

of clouds. The marsh at first was rank and green; further along it turned grey, heaped up in scaly folds. A yellow smoke rose from a crack in the shelving earth. . . ."

The most remarkable achievement in this novel, however, is that Mr. Power has managed to make vital the long passages of Father Cawder's reflections, so that one may say of his writing, as Eliot says of Donne's, that his intellect seems at the tip of his senses. To yield oneself to this book one need not assent to any dogma or even translate it into a dogma of one's own. For in the end, the language of art is always the same, and that is the language Mr. Power speaks.

Claude Brown's World

by Guy Daniels

By this time both Claude Brown and his book have been analyzed by so many experts—in sociology, education, child psychology, juvenile delinquency, etc.—that the mere lay reviewer is intimidated into a cold sweat.

With this in mind, I toyed briefly with the notion of hanging out my shingle as a white expert on Harlem. My credentials aren't the best, but

Manchild in the Promised Land
by Claude Brown
(Macmillan; \$5.95)

they're better than some. I'm an habitué, for instance, of 125th St., where I go for haircuts, second-hand clothes, and general hobnobbing; I know a few cats in Harlem whom—to reverse James Baldwin's brave statement—I'd entrust my life to any day. I suspect I feel more at home in Harlem than many Negroes I know—including an erstwhile girl friend from the black bourgeoisie who, upon learning where I had acquired a "new" second-hand suit, exclaimed in horror: "You mean you go to Harlem?" She herself, it turned out, had been there just once: She had driven through very rapidly on her way to White Plains.

But after a little reflection, I decided against this pitch. We have enough

white experts on Harlem; and we have certainly had more than enough of the condescension that keeps cropping up in the writings of most of them—usually in phrases like "trying to Understand and Help the Negro." (I'm not sure that I'm immune to this kind of built-in condescension myself; and off-hand, I can think of few white writers on Harlem who are. The first that comes to mind is Seymour Krim, in his essay, "The White Cadillac.") Sure, there are a lot of Negroes who need Help and Understanding by white people; but there are also a lot of Negroes who give Help and Understanding—quickly, and without cavil—to people like me. Why don't we hear more about *them*? Why doesn't somebody write a book with the title *Negroes Who Have Understood and Helped Me*?

There is one tried-and-true way of avoiding condescension: by reducing human beings to abstractions that are necessarily neutral. This is what Paul Goodman does at one point in his review of *Manchild* in *The New York Review of Books*. I say "at one point" because elsewhere he does remarkably well at getting inside Claude Brown's mind. (Not that he duplicates Warren Miller's feat in *The Cool World*; but then that kind of empathy is only pos-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Irving Howe's essay will appear, in a somewhat different form, as the introduction to an edition of *The Encounter* which Avon Books will publish in October. Guy Daniels has just published a translation of 15 Krylov fables. Norman S. Care is on the Philosophy faculty of Oberlin College.

sible in a work of fiction.) The passage in question reads:

"It also doesn't hurt to keep in mind — nostalgically, if you will — that much of an urban child's delinquency is no different from a farm-boy's hunting animals, stealing fruit, driving the horses, and even working for money when in fact there are no legitimate urban jobs."

As one who used to walk barefoot behind a harrow pulled by a team of six, let me say just this: "Whoah, there!" We were talking about *Claude Brown*, remember? Not about a pale abstraction called "the urban child." Along with stealing and playing hooky, much of *Claude Brown's* delinquency involved mugging, mass rape, maiming and (on the part of others in his gang) killing — things which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered "no different" from "driving the horses"! ("Working for money" I'll leave out of this altogether: I'd always thought it was the *opposite* of delinquency.)

Right here, I can see now, is where I'll have to come on as an expert — as an ex-juvenile delinquent: a retired rural WASP JD. Back in Gilmore City, Iowa (pop. 900) and in the surrounding countryside, my gang and I not only stole fruit, hunted animals, etc., but indulged in gleeful group activities not unlike those of *Claude Brown's* gang, including vandalism, competitive masturbation, and "pulling a train" on a girl. (But it was always a very short choo-choo, and we always got the girl's consent first: such was our rural WASP ethic.) And these were not the idle antics of middle-class kids who knew that none of it really mattered, because next year they'd be going to Yale or Princeton, whence they'd emerge solid citizens who would sit on committees formed to combat juvenile delinquency. We were, all of us, poor; and we lived as if there wasn't going to be any tomorrow. In short, we were about as close as WASP farm boys ever get to being the equivalent of *Claude Brown's* gang in lower Harlem.

Which is why Goodman's statement so amazed me. Because for all the things *Claude Brown* and I had in common (and the poverty I have with me still: I'm writing this in a tenement,



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dirty, noisy, and condemned), what I felt – and still feel – most strongly about *Manchild* is that it makes real for me a world that is *totally* alien.

How much does color have to do with all this? Well, a lot, obviously; yet possibly less than we tend to imagine. Take that earlier remark of mine about “feeling at home” in Harlem. No doubt it was superficial. But it certainly wasn’t made in the spirit of William Buckley’s references to Harlem; and superficial or no, it caught up one of those threadlike bonds between Negro and white – one of those *liens subtils* – that can make a lot of difference in the long run. For the fact is that one of the things I like best about 125th St. is the *politeness* of the people one (literally) bumps into there, in contrast to the cold rudeness of Fifth Avenue.

Again, I have ascertained that my reaction to Claude Brown’s Harlem as something totally alien to my own experience is shared by quite a few people born and bred in Harlem – though further uptown, and under better circumstances. The color factor, it would seem, is not all that decisive.

Finally, the impression of Brown’s Harlem as “something else” is not due to his having a unique personal vision like, say, Ralph Ellison or the early James Baldwin. He is not a budding Ellison, and he never claimed that he was. (*Manchild*, after all, is an autobiography.) Not that he writes badly most of the time, as one or two reviewers have complained. In the comic passages, particularly, he shows signs

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of a real gift, as in this reconstruction of a courtroom scene:

“Mrs. Jones, Toto’s mother, was standing right next to Toto and me. And Toto was watching her and trying to look pitiful, just like I was. Mama and Mrs. Jones sure did look crazy with their heads going up and down faster and faster as they peeped up at the mean queen [a Negro woman judge] from the bottom of their eyes and tried to look as if they knew what she was saying to them. All I knew was that I was supposed to look sorry while our mothers nodded their heads. All the time, I was wishing that I had gotten with somebody else, because Toto was too good at looking pitiful. He was so good that he even made me feel sorry for him.

These comic scenes (there are quite a few, all very good) are his highest reaches as a writer. Much of the time he simply records in Christopher Isherwood’s “I Am a Camera” manner, and for my money, better than Isherwood. Here is Brown:

“...It was Sunday morning. Kids were coming from church with their mothers and fathers, and some people were sick and vomiting on the street. Most of the people were dressed up, and vomit was all over the street near the beer gardens. There was a lot of blood near the beer gardens and all over the sidewalk on Eighth Avenue. This was a real Sunday morning – a lot of blood and vomit everywhere and people all dressed up and going to church. Some of them were all dressed up and sleeping on the sidewalk or else sleeping on the building stoops. It was all real good to see again, real good.”

Claude Brown has been criticized for his political naïveté – a potentially damaging charge, since he has announced that he plans to run for Congress. *Inter alia*, it has been claimed that he is insufficiently aware of: 1) the Freedom Revolution; 2) the international situation; 3) the political structure of Harlem. But I, for one, am not worried about him. To be successful in

politics, one must first understand the workings of power at the grass-roots level; and this Brown has mastered very well. For the rest – the idealistic aspect – I’ll trust him to do as well as, or better than, many a white politician (Harry Truman, *et al.*) who first had to get control of the machinery of power before he could turn his mind to Higher Things. While Brown is not eminently tender-hearted (what politician is?) he is a *man*, and unafraid, and therefore, I think, altogether fair-minded. That he is no Martin Luther King, we know. But if Dr. King should be elected President in 1972, he might do worse than to appoint a Claude Brown as Attorney-General.

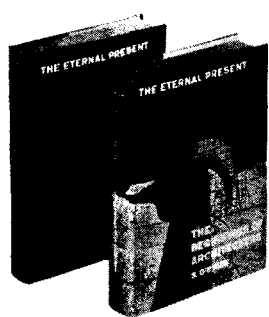
Meantime, our future politician has written his youthful memoirs with lots and lots of cool. Goodman is no doubt right in saying Brown “is embarrassed and even ashamed to lose himself in objective values that are not ‘achievement’ and not under control.” But it is precisely this that gives *Manchild* its value. Without that “cool,” we couldn’t really believe him when he calls the roll of his buddies from the street and the reformatories, and finds that only four of them (himself included) have survived intact: That the others are either dead, serving long prison terms, or “strung out” on heroin. It is Brown’s “cool” that makes real for us this report from a survivor of the Lost Battalion – a report unlike anything you’ll ever hear from Gilmore City, Iowa.

Ditto for the foregoing paragraph about a Harlem Sunday Morning. In the minds of most right-thinking Americans, there is nothing more diametrically opposed than a Sunday service in church, on the one hand, and blood and vomit on the other. Nothing could be more false. Way down deep where real things interconnect, those Sunday morning church services (with a few exceptions, thank God!) are one actual cause of the flow of blood and the vomiting – whether on the sidewalks of an American city or in the rice paddies of Vietnam. It is the great, if perhaps accidental, virtue of Harlem that it shows us these things side by side. And it is the great virtue of Claude Brown’s book that it reproduces all this coolly, objectively, and with only one comment: “Real good!”

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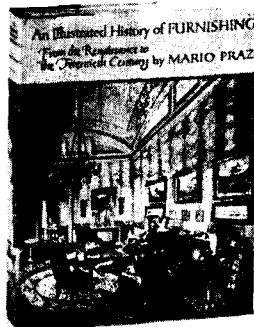
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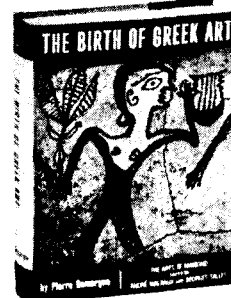
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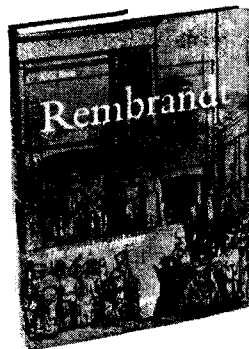
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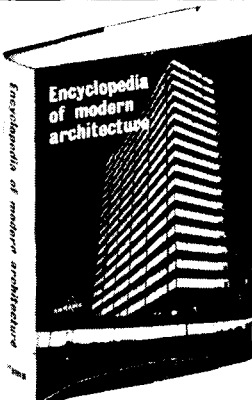
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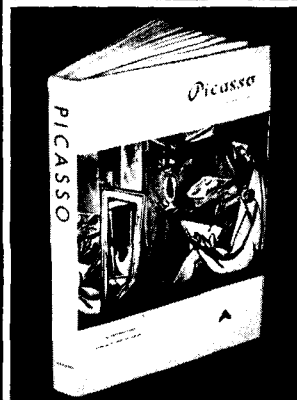
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The Russians as Philosophers

by Norman S. Care

A risk of ambiguity arises when one prefaces the word "philosophy" with the name of a people. Titles such as "Russian Philosophy," "American Philosophy," "German Philosophy" do not distinguish as between a body of opinion or theory concerning what is characteristic of a people and its conduct, and a body of contributions to the ongoing debate of the traditional

Russian Philosophy

Edited by James M. Edie, James P. Scanlan, and Mary-Barbara Zeldin;
with the collaboration of
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problems of philosophy by thinkers who happen to have been Russian, American or German. This distinction must have haunted the editors in compiling this thoroughly welcome set of volumes.

The material collected here is not so

much a set of abstract philosophical problems as it is the nation's *élan*. The writing has great vigor, but it is occupied with efforts to criticize, promote, and otherwise chart a direction of cultural and national progress. Above all, it is, as the editors remark in their helpful and lucid commentary, "marked by a special intensity and an impatience with moderation." I want to add: "and a decidedly nationalistic concern." It appears at once in the striking plea of Skovoroda (1722-94), said to be the first "authentically original" Russian philosopher:

"Our Father who art in Heaven, wilt thou send down a Socrates to us soon, one who will teach us first of all to know ourselves, so that, knowing ourselves, we may then develop out of ourselves a philosophy which will be our own, native and natural to our land?"

Russian philosophy is not entirely this. The essay on immortality by Radishchev (1749-1802) is genuine in its concern for the arguments themselves; and the two letters by the "Slavophile" Alexis Khomyakov (1804-60) are indeed examples, albeit unfinished, of philosophical criticism and construction. Yet even here, Radishchev's chief concern had been his country's circumstances, his thoughts having been turned to the question of immortality only by a "sudden move to a distant land," i.e., exile as a result of his critical account of Russian social and political life in *A Journey from Saint Petersburg to Moscow*. And Khomyakov's work in philosophy remains, together with the provocative essay in the history of ideas by Kireyevsky (1806-56), a Slavophile apology, sophisticated in its enthusiasm for the moral superiority of Russian culture. For material less bound by an interest in culture we must wait for the later discussion of Descartes' *cogito* by Solovyov (1853-1900), the "first systematic Russian philosopher," and the contribution ("Intuitivism") to the theory of knowledge by Lossky (1870-1965), one of the many philosophers

unsympathetic to Marxism exiled from Russia in 1922. (From the latter group the editors have also included selections from the better-known Berdyaev, Shestov, and Frank.)

One gathers that the early 19th-Century dispute between Slavophiles and "Westernizers" is typical of a philosophical difference in the Russian tradition. As against Slavophile enthusiasm, men like Belinski (1811-48) and Herzen (1812-70) recommended a place in the cultural milieu of Europe, not only for the improvement of Russia, but for the benefit of all. The form of the dispute persisted as the themes of Westernism propagated movements of Nihilism and Populism, ending in the dominance of Marx's socialism; and the elements of conservative sentiment produced a deadly critique of Western culture in the writings of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Leontyev, and Rozanov. Their problems inspired the Russian philosophers to emphasize action as the purpose of philosophy, a strain of Russian thought which anticipates, perhaps most clearly in the anarchism of Bakunin (1814-76) and the agitated reformism of the Nihilists ("the first true members of the non-aristocratic Russian 'intelligentsia'"), Marx's slogan that the task of philosophy is to change the world, not merely understand it. As part of this emphasis, their issues drew passionate and often brilliantly literary writing from these thinkers, centered about the nature of men and nations, at once moralistic and metaphysical in tone.

But one thinks of the expense involved in a history of small attention to the classical problems of philosophy. I refer to those abstract questions of epistemology, logic, ontology, and meaning, which stand aside from the turmoil of the problems of nationhood. Hume's questions about the necessity of causation, Aristotle's logical inquiries, and even Rousseau's questions about the basis of legitimate authority among men have never been the special province of any one people. There is reason to regret the largely political circumstances which directed Russian thought away from such puzzles. They are not only interesting in themselves; they also require of those who attend to them what is rarely evident in these writings, namely, *disinterest*, by which I mean roughly the propensity to worry

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about how arguments hang together. A nation's intellectual health requires large doses of training in this different kind of criticism, the thought which can approach issues without prior commitments, if not without presuppositions. This is surely part of what Herzen intended when he wrote:

"Why, out of a hundred philosophers you will not find one who is candid. . . . Some deceive others from moral motives, others deceive themselves for the sake of peace. Will you find many like Spinoza or Hume who fearlessly go where the truth leads them?"

It is true that the history of Russian thought brings with it a tradition of persecution, one which continues to the present day; to describe the background of a Russian philosopher is too often to recite a tale of thwarted efforts, banishment, and general abuse. One example will suffice, that of Chaadayev (1794-1856) at the hands of Nicholas I. The censor who had approved publication of his *First Letter* in 1836 in the journal *Teleskop*, in which he criticized Russia (the nation) as egoistic, was fired and denied a pension (he had been the Rector of Moscow University); the journal was suspended and its editor exiled for two years, and Chaadayev himself was declared insane, placed under house arrest under the daily surveillance of a doctor, and only allowed freedom in 1838 on condition that he never write again.

One gasps at such incidents. But that tradition of abuse is not enough to explain philosophy as the artificial discipline it now is in the Soviet Union. Philosophers have survived inhibiting environments. What is required is greater attention to the special features of the long-standing control of thought

in Russia which fostered an environment in which reflective men were pushed to attend to themselves and their predicament in the nation to the degree that there was little opportunity (except perhaps in exile) to cultivate the habits of disinterest. To bring Herzen's point to apply in this way would not be to blame the philosophers of the Russian tradition, for the necessity of foregoing the luxury of disinterest can be forced upon men by the urgency of their times.

That there is an "official" line in current Soviet philosophy must be as upsetting to the creative men who are philosophers in the USSR as it is to the observer. What is objectionable is not that the official line is false—for no philosophical position is completely so—but that there is an *official* line at all. The last selection in this collection, by the Soviet academician A. G. Spirkin, begins: "Dialectical materialism—being the genuinely scientific and only true philosophy—is the advanced world outlook of all progressive mankind in contemporary times." There is little for the mind locked within such a framework to do but find additional ways of justifying what is already "established," or ingenious ways of assimilating recalcitrant facts. How incredibly dull it must be to know the "only true philosophy"!—Not only dull, but essentially at odds with the long tradition of disinterested inquiry that is the history of philosophy.

One wonders finally whether dialectical materialism can be the answer to the plea of Skovoroda mentioned above, whether Spirkin's piece in the Soviet *Encyclopedia of Philosophy* expresses the sought-after philosophy "native and natural" to the land. One hopes not, for a fallacy of the same form appears both in the shape of contemporary Soviet philosophy and in Skovoroda's plea itself. It is no part of the Socratic aim to develop a philosophy native and natural to *any* land, and it is no part of the idea of philosophical inquiry to carry on the pursuit of wisdom within an established framework. How refreshing is the contrast of Hume's remark in the *Dialogues* on natural religion: "Reasonable men may be allowed to differ where no one can reasonably be positive."

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Sorenson's Kennedy

an appraisal

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RECORDS

Horowitz and the Repertory

Reviewing a recital of Vladimir Horowitz once, Virgil Thomson described the affettuoso "teasing" of melody that alternated with bravura in the playing that was "more often than not musically false," and regretted that a man who could play his own pyrotechnical elaborations of things like *Stars and Stripes Forever* and *Danse Macabre* so satisfyingly "should spend so much of the evening worrying standard repertory." I cite this to establish the fact that I am not alone in my low estimate of the musical value of the Horowitz operation, which I would describe as a manipulation of instrument and music for the purpose of exciting an audience, now with its mannered and sensation-ally fine-spun phrasing of melody, now with its bursts of sensation-ally super-charged virtuosity, and always with its febrile excitement—a manipulation in which Horowitz not only uses his own pyrotechnical elaborations of "pop" numbers but misuses standard repertory for his purpose. He and his public, of course, take a different view of the operation and what it does with standard repertory, as was demonstrated by the uproar last May over his return to the concert stage after 12 years' absence. The news stories with built-in critical estimates in the magazines—all about the marvels achieved by the matured musicianship operating with unimpaired technical powers—included a *New Yorker* Talk of the Town about a group assembled in the Horowitz living room to hear the Columbia recording of the recital; and in this one read that when Schumann's Fantasy in C came over the speakers, Goddard Lieberson of Columbia Records remarked that he had never seen an audience so quiet and spellbound for this piece, and found this "flabbergasting," since "it's

such a profound and difficult piece for an audience. . . . It's not for the usual public. ['It's against the public,' Horowitz interposed.] It's like reading Goethe aloud to an audience, the way you played it." It was these comments that were "flabbergasting" to me: in my experience Josef Hofmann's performance of Schumann's Fantasy in 1915 or 1916 was the first of a number of performances of the work that held spellbound an audience which found it completely accessible—so accessible as to be one of the familiar works with which pianists demonstrated their powers at debut recitals. My most recent hearing of it, in fact, occurred at the debut of a young pianist named Michael Rogers, who amazed and delighted me with a technical mastery that operated in the service of first-rate musical intelligence and taste to produce a superb performance of the work. It had the spontaneous, natural, unaffected lyricism and warmth, the coherence that is so difficult to achieve in the episodic first movement, the mere tonal beauty—everything that the work calls for, and that turns out to be missing in the Horowitz performance on Columbia M2L-328 (mono). I have listened also to the performance of Chopin's G-minor Ballade, with its distortions that reach their climax in bars 206-7: the first three of the sequence of eighth-notes hammered out with immense slowness, the rest a sensational cascade. Horowitz is still doing the anti-musical playing he has always done, for those who want the excitement it provides.

Those who want illuminating performance of music will find it on Angel COLH-59 (mono only), in Schnabel's performances of two of Beethoven's best-known sonatas. Op. 53 (*Waldstein*) and Op. 57 (*Appassionata*), and the little Op. 54 that should be played more often than it is. The Adagio of Op. 53 is one of Schnabel's outstanding achievements: as against the Horowitz distortion for sensational effect, one hears Schnabel's prolonging of time values of notes and rests in an

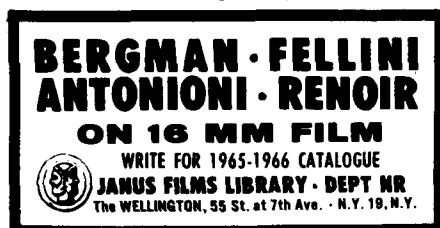
intensifying enlargement of the musical shape for greater expressive force—the result in this instance being to make the movement a spaciouly, profoundly meditative and powerfully dramatic statement such as I have heard from no other pianist. COLH-60 has Schnabel's performance of three fine sonatas—Op. 81a (*Les Adieux*) and the infrequently played Op. 78 and Op. 90—and the uninteresting Op. 79. The recorded sound is good, but loud passages buzz and rattle.

Karl Richter, conductor of the Munich Bach Choir, has recorded on the organ of Jaegersborg Church, Copenhagen, excellent performances of Bach's great Fantasia and Fugue in G minor and Toccata and Fugue in D minor for Deutsche Grammophon 18-907 and 138-907, with the less interesting Prelude and Fugue in D (BWV 532) and uninteresting Trio Sonata No. 2 (BWV 526). As usual the reproduction of texture is occasionally unclear.

Two fine 18th-Century pieces for strings—Vivaldi's Concerto Op. 3 No. 10 for 4 violins and Handel's Concerto Grosso Op. 6 No. 4—are performed well by the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields under Neville Marriner on Oiseau-Lyre OL-276 (mono), with a moderately engaging Viola Concerto of Telemann and a Gabrieli Canzona.

Klemperer's new performances of Mozart's Symphonies K.385 (*Haffner*) and K.425 (*Linz*) on Angel 36128 (mono), K. 504 (*Prague*) and K. 543 on 36128, and K.550 (the G-minor) and K.551 (*Jupiter*) on 36183 exhibit familiar defects. In the finales of K.385 and K.543, the first and last movements of K.504 and K.550, and the first movement of K. 551 the tempo is too slow for the proper effect of the music; in the first movement of K. 425 it is too fast. The Philharmonia Orchestra's playing is reproduced with less clarity and beauty of sound this time.

Mozart's *Magic Flute* on Deutsche Grammophon 18-981/3 and 138-981/3 has excellent singing by Evelyn Lear (Pamina), Fritz Wunderlich (Tamino), Fischer-Dieskau (Papageno) and Franz Crass (Sarastro), remarkably accurate florid singing by Roberta Peters (Queen of the Night), and authoritative conducting by Boehm which occasionally is deficient in animation and



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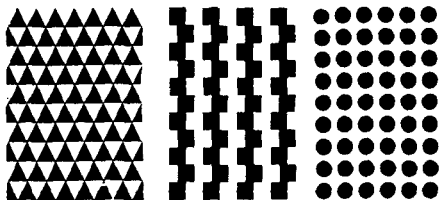
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expressive intensity. I suggest instead the performance conducted by Fricsay on Deutsche Grammophon 18-267/9 (mono only), or the pre-war performance conducted by Beecham on Odeon 80471/3.

Except for Sionato's singing, the performance of Verdi's *Il Trovatore* conducted by Schippers on Angel 3653 (mono), with Tucci, Corelli and Merrill, is undistinguished. I suggest the one on RCA Victor LM-6008 (mono only), with the beautiful singing of Milanov, Bjoerling and Warren, or the one on Angel 3554 (mono only), with the superb pacing, shaping and orchestral playing achieved by von Karajan and impressive singing by Callas.

Janacek's individual and powerful Slavonic Mass (*Missa Glagolitica*) is conducted effectively by Leonard Bernstein in the performance with the New York Philharmonic and the Westminster Choir on Columbia ML-6137 and

MS-6737; but the superior soloists of the performance conducted by Kubelik on D.G. 18-954 and 138-954 make this the one to acquire.

For lovers of earlier vocal polyphony there are Victoria's Masses *O Quam Gloriosum* and *O Magnum Mysterium*, sung by the Choir of the Carmelite Priory, London, on Oiseau-Lyre OL- and SOL-270; and Palestrina's Motets *Stabat Mater*, *Hodie Beata Virgo* and *Senex Puerum Portabat*, and his *Magnificat* and *Litaniae de Beata Virgine Maria* in 8 parts, sung by the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, on Argo RG-398 and ZRG-5398. One side of Argo RG-423 and ZRG-5423 has fine anthems by Tallis, Morley, Byrd, Gibbons, Tye and Bedford, the other side more recent English pieces that are uninteresting; and the boys' voices of the Choir of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, are sometimes shrill.

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

Beatles and Their Colleagues

We now have a second Beatles film and, along with it, another film in the same manner. The Dave Clark Five follow musically after the Beatles (how far after, I must leave it to others to decide), and their first picture, *Having A Wild Weekend*, follows the Beatles pictures. A small school has been es-

Help! (United Artists)
Having A Wild Weekend (Warner)
Rapture (20th Century-Fox)

tablished, and some aspects of it have been insufficiently noted.

In the history of sound films, the use of popular musicians—singers or players—as stars has usually meant the painful contrivance of plots to give musical opportunities, just as the worst opera librettos are only clotheslines on which arias and ensembles are pinned. But from time to time, imagination and character perception have intervened to dramatize the essential appeal of the stars. Several of Bing Crosby's earlier pictures—particularly the *Road* series with Bob Hope—are good examples.

Musical numbers were featured, but the personalities of the performers were used with humor and fancy. We were entertained by seeing their images articulated, rather than merely displayed. For instance, in *The Road to Zanzibar* (I think), Crosby and Hope are trapped in the jungle by attacking natives and fierce animals. They seem doomed. Then there's a sharp cut—to the pair sauntering casually down a road; and one says to the other, "Well, we'll never tell how we got out of that one." It was not only funny, its airiness gave exercise to the Crosby-Hope *personae*.

Now the Beatles have come along—in hypermania—and any film producer lucky enough to get their names on a contract could have made millions simply by having them do eight or ten numbers in front of a nailed-down camera, connecting the numbers with some trumpery story that no fan would have minded. The millions continue to accrue, but—seemingly because of the director, Richard Lester—a quite different approach was used. Lester obvi-

ously knew something of the four youths and liked them, and his liking of them was the starting-point of the film. *A Hard Day's Night* made us like them, too. It had virtually no plot; it was a fictitious documentary of the group, as told by Lester—which is to say, with teeming cinematic deftness and high spirits.

But there was more than this in the picture because there is more in the Beatles than their likeableness. As individuals and as a phenomenon, they are quick shorthand symbols of youthful irreverences; contemporary dislike of contemporary fakes and perennial youthful dislike of low spirits and the fact of age. *Hard Day* became a light scamper across the sententious furrowed brow of phony seriousness and fake values, as well as a chance for the Beatles to be and show themselves.

The chief problem of the second film, called *Help!*, is that the first one has been made. Luxuriation in the existence and resonances of Beatle-facts could not suffice a second time; a plot had to be used. Thus, almost automatically, this relegated the new film to a somewhat lesser place; but Marc Behm's story, as scripted by him and Charles Wood (who adapted *The Knack*), attempts to be as ridiculous and far-fetched as possible, so it is often successful. There are defects in the dialogue. Some of it—particularly that of two mad scientists played by Victor Spinetti and Roy Kinnear—is of that terse, referential, quasi-literary kind (like Woody Allen's) that is funnier on paper or in monologue than in action. There are defects, too, in casting. Leo McKern, who plays a mad Asian priest, is an actor much more admired by others than by me. Particularly in comedy, his mutterings, frequent incomprehensibility, and air of near-smugness exclude me from the band of the faithful. As his lovelorn aide, Eleanor Bron seems inflexible.

Under these handicaps, for which he is presumably responsible, Lester operates as well as possible—which is still superior to any one in this vein. He is still able, for example, to execute cinematic pirouettes for three or four minutes in Alpine snow that do nothing to advance the story and yet have loveliness, humor, relationship, and cumulation. I would guess that he expends great amounts of film to get

some of the best shots of the boys: singing without performing—singing while they stare abstractedly down a beach or across an Alp. The Beatles are no less likeable than ever and still very lucky in their director.

Dave Clark and his group are not as taking as the Beatles, and John Boorman, their director, is not as gifted as Lester, but their film, *Wild Weekend*, is nonetheless a happy surprise. It is a more patent anti-Establishment story, dealing with an attempt by Clark and a blonde model to break loose from the bowler-hatted London rat-race. A number of sequences are extremely enjoyable: a snow sequence of their own, a scene in a deserted village being used for war games, and a masquerade ball. Some other assets should be noted. First, there are good performances by David de Keyser as an advertising mogul and by Robin Bailey and Yootha Joyce as a kinky couple. Second, the producers have had the sense to shoot part of their film in Bath. This affords such bonuses as the chance to see one of the architectural gems of Britain, the Royal Crescent (from which Richard Sheridan eloped with Elizabeth Linley in 1772—and now the home of the kinky couple).

The vein of the two Beatles pictures and their offspring is not limitless, but these three so far are varyingly attractive. *Help!* and the Clark picture do not emphasize, as did *Hard Day*, the element of bobby-sox hysteria. This hysteria is responsible for most of the publicity and money, but it by no means accounts for all of the *being* of these groups, nor does it include all their public. (Adults and small children respond to these films as they never did, for instance, to Elvis Presley.) It is this fact that Lester, Boorman, and their associates have grasped and have used appealingly.

Rapture is a poor film that ought to be seen by anyone interested in acting. The story is of old-fashioned feyness in a mock-Bronte setting—the wind-swept Brittany coast instead of the Yorkshire moors. In this Anglo-American-French production, John Guillermin, the director, has adduced the atmosphere well, but the theme, the writing, the dilation are too spurious to be criticized. The point of interest is

the performance of Patricia Gozzi as a wild, hypersensitive 15-year-old who falls in love with an escaped murderer. Three years ago Miss Gozzi played a comparable role in *Sundays and Cybele*—a 12-year-old who was the only person to understand and communicate with an outcast man. She was astonishing at 12 in French; playing now in English, she is even more astonishing: a prodigy of emotional acting who never makes a strained, merely hysterical, or self-dramatizing move, who never (although she has many similar moments) repeats combinations of gestures or inflections or draws attention to the cleverness of her acting. Her emotional size is too large for some viewers, I know, but perhaps that is their shortcoming, not hers. She has a phenomenally powerful imagination; a

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voice of direct rough-soft intimacy; a face that is more than lovely—it is a clear vessel of intense feeling.

In both her films she has had to make us believe in her affection for two oafs (Hardy Kruger and now Dean Stockwell), but every time these two dullards rend the fabric, she repairs it. One hesitates to conjecture what she could do if she were reinforced instead of hampered. One can hope for her now that she will vary her roles and that she

will not enseat herself as a child prodigy by failure to grow as a human being. No prophecies are more risky than those about actors because, among contemporary artists, they have the least control of their fates, but luck and seriousness and hard work could (repeat: could) give this French girl a superb career. Her effect in this film is of truth wandering through arty artifices.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

LETTER FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Writers in Dissent

Capetown

Recently, the vice-chancellor of Stellenbosch University, the Afrikaners' oldest university, went to a bookshop in the town and requested the proprietor to remove from his shelves *Orgy*, a new novel by the young avante-garde Afrikaans writer, André Brink. Brink is one of the "Sixtiers," a group of Afrikaans writers who have struggled out of the *volk* cocoon. In the process, they have incurred the wrath of Afrikanerdom. An Afrikaans magazine, owned by a Government politician, referred recently to the Sixtiers in these terms: "Thousands of people in South Africa want to tear apart a certain group of Afrikaans writers, so incensed are they about the books which these ultra-modern authors write and have published." This anger is not primarily political: It is social; it reflects the uneasiness felt by a tightly-knit, Calvinistic community which feels that its cohesion is threatened by any kind of non-

conformism. This is understandable—the strength of Afrikanerdom is in its numbers and cohesion.

In letters to the press, in editorials, in political speeches, even in sermons from the pulpit, Afrikanerdom has poured its wrath over the dissenters in its midst. Its ultimate control over them, besides social ostracism, is economic. The Afrikaner literary consumers are mostly nationalists; most of the publishers are nationalists. Afrikaner writers also supplement their incomes with broadcasts for Radio South Africa—state-controlled. They write articles for the Afrikaans newspapers—pro-Government. The dilemma of the Afrikaner writer is that he has no alternative market. This might account for some of the obscurity in his writing—the voice of literary dissent comes over muffled and ambiguous. Some of the tougher writers, like W. A. de Klerk, who has just returned to South Africa from a sponsored tour of the US, are more clear-headed, but lucidity is not the signal characteristic of current Afrikaans literary endeavor.

The Sixtiers have been experiencing rebuffs, especially in the past few months. Their magazine, which had been taken over by a publishing group headed by the Prime Minister, Dr. Verwoerd, has closed down. Brink (author of *Orgy*, *The Ambassador*, etc.), a 29-year-old lecturer in Afrikaans at Rhodes University, has been dismissed from his post as book editor of the Sunday newspaper in Johannesburg

which Dr. Verwoerd controls. The "Sixtiers," generally, have been attacked over the radio, in student magazines (Afrikaans students are right-wingers, not left-wingers, as is the universal custom), and through other media. One of the Sixtiers, Jan Rabie (author of *We, the Idol*), has withdrawn a book that he had submitted to the Verwoerd publishing group. Another Sixtier, Abraham de Vries, has resigned from this publishing group. In one of the final issues of the Sixtiers' magazine, Mr. Brink denies that young Afrikaner writers are allowing themselves to be used as the tools or allies of the Communists. It is not the function of literature, he states in another article, either to support or undermine white civilization in South Africa, or a green or spotted civilization. This is outside its scope. With this, of course, Afrikanerdom disagrees. Just as Russian writers are expected to express themselves in terms of "socialist realism," so Afrikaner writers are to serve the *volk*.

The closed, intensely nationalistic Afrikaner community of two million in South Africa faces two challenges: a massive political challenge from without, and a spiritual challenge from within. Latterly it has concentrated increasingly on exorcising this spiritual protest.

The ferocity of the attack on "the enemies within" is not matched by their numbers or strength. They are a handful of dissenting Dutch Reformed Church clergymen who can find no spiritual justification for apartheid, and an even frailer cluster of Afrikaans writers, whose struggle is creative rather than political. What these writers are trying to do is to break out of the cocoon of Afrikaner nationalism. Their conflict is with the *volk* traditions which encapsulate them.

Afrikaner nationalism is the oldest nationalism on the African continent and easily the best organized. Afrikaner historians claim that their nationalism crystallized 100 years ago, when the language spoken was still Dutch, but it was after the South African War (1899-1902), when Briton beat Boer, that Afrikaner nationalism really got under way. Its triumph was the 1948 general election; and today, 17 years later, its potency is still undiminished.

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The discipline it exercises is social, rather than political: dissenters are ostracised, excluded from the herd, and if they cannot make the readjustment to the English-speaking section of South Africans, they usually wither and die in isolation.

The struggle of the Afrikaans writers to assert themselves has become an absorbing episode in the rise of Dr. Verwoerd's regime. Most of the dissenting writers are at variance, in some way or another, with the official apartheid policy, but this is not the significance of the ferment in their ranks. They want to write — not only about the traditional things that have engaged the talents of Afrikaans writers in the past, but also about sex, deviant social relations, aberrant souls, individualistic aspirations, and all the other topics that are the stock in trade of the modern novelist. Early Afrikaans literature was marked by a unity of philosophy, but this *volk* outlook is an inadequate instrument for the contemporary literary craftsmen. This is where the conflict lies: The new writers are branded as anti-*volk*, un-Afrikaans. According to Dr. Ernst van Heerden, a well-known Afrikaans poet, Afrikaans literature is being forced into a straitjacket. The Afrikaans writers are being made to use 19th-Century ideas and a 19th-Century language. Dr. van Heerden sees this as a kind of literary colonialism, enforced by the practitioners of Afrikaans purism.

The problem of South Africans who write in English is of a different nature. No serious obstacles prevent them from sharing in universal values and pursuing modern trends. Significantly, the successful ones among them turn mainly to the race question for their inspiration, and their audience is not limited to South Africans: They can offer their wares to the whole English-speaking world, and through translation to a much wider audience (some Afrikaner writers, even among the Sixtiers, have still not emerged sufficiently from the *volk* cocoon, are still not sufficiently sophisticated and mature to appeal to international minds). No, the problem of the English writers in South Africa is a literary one, namely, how to turn the race situation into dramatic, or some other kind of literary reading. Nadine Gordimer works at this most assiduously, like a painstaking minia-

turist; Athol Fugard disclosed a powerful talent in his play, *The Blood Knot*; everyone knows Alan Paton's stylized *Cry, the Beloved Country*. African and Coloured (mixed descent) writers have been fairly prolific, occasionally outstanding. Many have left the country, and are writing in exile in London or elsewhere. Usually, their counter-nationalism is visible, simmering under the surface, but they have not mastered the task yet of canalizing this force into great literature. Nor have the whites managed to work the alchemy, with the possible exception of Fugard, who flung himself passionately into his play, and even then the transmutation was incomplete. Writing across the color barrier is much more difficult than it seems; that is why the best books on South Africa have been factual ones; no modern South African writer has wholly accomplished the magic conversion from politics to art.

STANLEY UYS

Correspondence

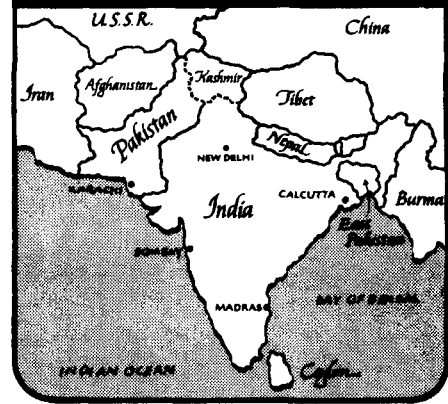
Darling

Sirs:

In his perceptive review of *Darling* (September 4), Stanley Kauffmann notes a lack of personal style in John Schlesinger's "three full-length films to date," and doubts his ability to develop one. Your reviewer may be right, but in his comments he seems to be (quite reasonably) judging Schlesinger from his three major films as a relative newcomer to the cinematic art. There is a suggestion of influence, if not outright borrowing, from the style of Tony Richardson and others. May I shed some light on the artistic origins of these two talented directors?

Both were contemporaries at Oxford in the early post-war years. They mingled with others of a brilliant generation: future cabinet ministers like Sir Edward Boyle, Anthony Wedgewood-Benn; journalists like William Rees-Mogg, Robert Robinson; TV commentators like Robin Day, Geoffrey Johnsson-Smith; athletes like Roger Bannister, Chris Chataway. All left their mark as undergraduates, none

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perhaps as strongly as Kenneth Tynan, internationally respected as a critic while still in his twenties.

John Schlesinger was suave, balding, sophisticated, cynical, witty, immensely talented even then. He was actor, writer, director, best known for his revues, but already fascinated by film. (We were all omnivorous fans of "classic" movies, from Eisenstein to Dreyer, Marx Bros. to Cocteau, but John spent part of his vacations *making* films.) His work, we would have told you, was clearly destined to be deft, fluent, artistic, polished – that of a man respected as a craftsman, yet able to direct commercial successes. He has served a long apprenticeship, and now he is . . . a veteran of the medium.

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Maybe Richardson has influenced Schlesinger a touch here and there. Likewise Godard, Bryan Forbes, Reis. Yet Schlesinger is a developed stylist whose work needs no signature to justify it. Richardson is a creative artist whose style is the signature for his work. Thank Heavens for both their talents! And that of your admirable Mr. Kauffmann.

Nigel A. Renton
Berkeley, Calif.

Rewriting History

Sirs:

Are we to rewrite history every time the State Department is forced to change its line? Until recently, I thought and taught that the League of Nations wrote out its death warrant when it abandoned the sanctions against Mussolini, refused to intervene in the Spanish Civil War and failed to press its case against Japan's intervention in China. According to Nathaniel McKitterick's article ("Goldberg at the UN," September 11), all these instances were victories of the "diplomatic art" over stubborn, dogmatic "cold war" ideologies. The US mission at the UN has indeed done a great public relations job in convincing nearly everybody – including those whom it had previously persuaded that Article 19 was a sacred principle of collective security – that its abject surrender on the question of membership assessments and the power of the General Assembly was nothing but the victory of sound principles within the US government over unsound, belligerent advice which it never should have fol-

lowed in the first place. It may be good tactics to dress a retreat up as the mere correction of a mistake, but it is less than candid to pretend that capitulation on this question somehow "saved" the United Nations. The truth is that the US government felt that the small nations *ought* to support its position on the question of the Assembly's power; its "mistake" was not this moral-political stance but the assumption that the small powers *would* support a position which clearly was in their interest. I fear that, Ambassador Goldberg's ability as a prestidigitary notwithstanding, the historian of the UN may have to date its decline from the day when the majority abandoned its principles.

Henry M. Pachter
New School
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Wheat and Legislation

Sirs:

We are Senators from states in which wheat is a major crop and we have been active in the fight for the Administration's wheat program. We regret that the National Committee For An Effective Congress, which has made valuable contributions to better government, became involved in publicity affecting farm legislation. It was in no way and in no manner involved, nor did it participate, in this legislation at any level.

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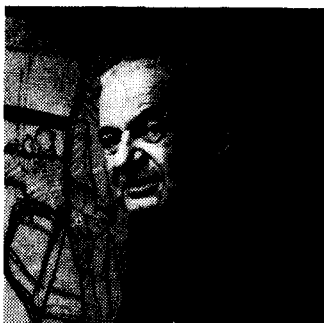
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